SAMPLE COPIES
Sent Free to any Address.

WEEKLY
TOLEDO BLADE

Circulation Last Week, 115,000.

VOLUME LIV. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1886. NUMBER 31.

Poetry.

For the Blade.

THE FIRST KISS.

BY S. H. M. BYERS.

Can you tell me what a kiss is,
Lady mine?
Stands there writ among the pages
Of the poets and the sages
Any sign?

What a kiss is? Sweet, then listen
Once to me.
When the fairies first made lovers,
Souls at you and I and others,
In their glee,

They forgot to make a sign-word
And a seal,
Something that should be a token
Of a something still unspoken,
That we feel;

Till, one day, a man, and maiden
Sweet as morn,
Touched their lips, just so, together,
And out there amid the heather
It was born.

Oh! the fairies laughed and cried so
In the morn,
Just to think in two lips meeting,
And in two eyes fondly greeting,
It was born.

And they laughed and said together,
We will make
Out of human lips a treasure,
Loved and deep beyond all measure,
For their sake.

And with fairy wands they touched them,
And the thrill
Of the two first lips together,
On that awful morn in the heather,
Liveth still,

And from that morn unto this morn
Of our bliss,
There hath never been a lover
But the sign-word could discover
In a kiss.

THE BABY'S DRAWER.

BY MRS. I. T. BUTTS.

There's a little drawer in my chamber,
Guarded with tenderest care,
Where the dainty clothes are lying
That my darling shall never wear.
And there, while the hours are waning,
Till the house is all at rest,
I sit and fancy a baby
Close to my aching breast.

My darling's pretty, white garments
I wrought them, sitting apart;
While his mystic life was throbbing
Under my throbbing heart.
And there, while the evening
Evoaks in a little song,
Like the murmur of birds at brooding,
When the days are warm and long.

I finished the dainty wardrobe,
And the drawer was almost full,
With robes of the finest muslin,
And robes of the finest wool.
I fashioned them all together,
With a rose for every pair,
Smiling, and saying, "Gem fragrant,
Fit for my prince to wear."

Ah, the radiant summer morning,
So full of mother's joy!
Thank God he is fair and perfect,
My beautiful, lovely boy.
Let him wear the pretty, white garments
I wrought while sitting apart;
Lay him, so sweet and so helpless,
Here, close to my throbbing heart.

Many and many an evening
I sit since my baby came,
Saying, "What do the angels call him?"
For I dare not call him name;
Sit while the hours are waning,
And the house is all at rest,
And fancy a baby nestling
Close to my aching breast.

Our Story Teller.

For the Blade.

KATHIE'S MASTER.

BY MAY E. SNOW.

The Elms was an old place. Everything about it proclaimed its age, from the low moss covered roof, to the ancient well-sweep in the yard. Old fashioned flowers bloomed in the garden. Even the weather-beaten, rough chinks of the old stone wall, had an old-time, musty air, as they swayed to and fro in the yellow sunlight. The orchard trees were old and garled, the fruit small and wormy. But had not the immortal Washington halted to rest in the shade of those selfsame trees, and had he not quenched his thirst with a mug of home brew made from that same small sour fruit? Yes, and he had praised it too, and what was good enough for the father of the country, was good enough for the present owner of the old place, so he said and so had said his father before him.

And when some of the fine old trees, of no benefit to anybody, had pounded, and shaken, by urchins, with rubber-coated stomachs, and deliberately died, they were replaced with the same old varieties, and John Wendell filled his barrels each autumn, with cider, made from apples just as sour, and hard, and knurly, as those which his ancestors had used for the same purpose.

I said everything about the place was old, but I was wrong. Late in life, John Wendell married a sickly wife, who lived just long enough to press one kiss, from lips even then growing cold, upon the face of a little, wailing daughter, and then passed beyond the shadows of the valley.

For weeks the little life trembled in the balance, undecided whether to live or die, but at length, thanks to careful nursing and frequent potions of life-inspiring brandy mixed with the food substituted for its natural sustenance, the wee mite began to grow, and at a year old was as fine a specimen of babyhood as could be found for miles around.

The young baby possessed a tremendous will of her own, which she betrayed by screaming lustily if her cup of milk was not flavored by the addition of a few drops from a certain long-necked black bottle that occupied a time-honored position on the old-fashioned kitchen dresser.

At length good old Aunt Nancy, who possessed an unswerving faith in the medicinal properties of the black bottle, was known to shake her head ominously and declare, "It was really amazin' what a hankerin' the child had for the stuff," and then she added, in a whisper, to her particular friend, Samantha Ann Bright:

"Now, mind what I say, 'Twas a boy, I should think it a visitin' of Divine Providence, for everybody knows that the old Squire is over-fond of a drop, as his father was before him; but, seein' as 'tis a girl, why, it won't make no difference, and her father laughs and says, 'Let her have it;' but they do say nowadays that a hankerin is inherited one soundthin', and it wouldn't be surprisin' but what the little girl gets it from her grandfather, for I am sure her father likes is quite as well as ever he did, so she don't take the likin' from him."

The little girl was named Catherine Marie, but some time shortened it to Kathie, and little Kathie passed through the various stages of common babyhood. Had the mumps and measles, chickenpox, and various other afflictions to which man is heir, in the first few years of his existence.

At length she reached her eighteenth birthday, as bright and blooming a maiden as ever Father Time smiled upon.

She was pretty and dainty from the crown of her curly head to the sole of her little arched foot. Of course she had adorers by the score, but she was capricious and fanciful, and not one had ever been able to flatter himself that he had won her preference.

About this time, too, Kathie began to exhibit "moods," and one never knew what to expect from her. At times she would be the life and spirit of the little rural gatherings, her sparkling wit bubbling up and running over in merriment, and then again, she would be as glum and silent as a sphynx.

Aunt Nancy watched her with anxious eyes. "There's somethin' wrong with that child," she said once to John Wendell. "It ain't natural for a gal like her to have sich spells of mopin'."

But the old man looked at his daughter over his mug of cider and said decidedly, "I don't see as she is different from other gals. Her mother was allus quiet, and I suppose she takes after her a little in these spells."

About this time the little community was set all afloat by the advent into its midst, of a young man named Ralph Ansell. He was the nephew of old Judge Ansell, who lived on the outskirts of the village not far from the Elms. Young Ansell was about twenty-five years of age, possessed of a fair share of good looks, came of a good family and was frank and engaging in manner. He had an independent fortune, but from choice, was studying for the ministry, and he came to the little village among the hills, to recruit and recover, from the effects of too close application to his chosen study.

It was not many days before his eyes discerned the particular flower of the place, and from the first, he was attracted towards Kathie. His proposed visit of two weeks was prolonged to two months, and when he returned to his work, if the indisposition which caused him to seek rest, was cured, he had contracted a severe affection of the heart, which threatened to prove more serious than the first disease.

He found it convenient at frequent intervals to run down to "Uncle Ansell's" for a few days during the next year, and one evening he slipped a golden circlet upon Kathie's slender finger, and carried back with him her promise, at some future time, to be his wife.

The year had brought its changes in Kathie. Ralph's had been a prosperous wooing, and the luckless village swains had early withdrawn from the contest. Every one said that it was a splendid match. Kathie was sole heiress to the Elms, and although showing the angular lines of primitive days, it was a grand old place, and the villagers all said that she had "done well."

But pretty Kathie had not thought of rank, money or position, when she whispered "yes." She only thought that Ralph loved her. That she was to have his love through life, and then through all eternity.

Her own love made her humble, and then, she was not the proud, imperious Kathie she had once been. Aunt Nancy saw the change and rejoiced, for the "moods" had disappeared, and Kathie went around the old house, busied with housewifely duties, singing like a bird. This lasted nearly a year, but to every argument of Ralph's, urging an early day for their marriage, she gently put him off.

It was the anniversary of their betrothal. They were returning at a late hour from a social gathering, but as lovers will, loitered slowly along in the moonlight.

Ralph had never seen Kathie so gay, as she had been all evening. He had been pleased to note how every one yielded to her. He was proud of her fresh, sweet beauty, and as they walked slowly along her little hand resting upon his sleeve, he thought that he had never loved her half so well as then.

"Kathie, dear, you must not think me unreasonable or arrogating, but I have a favor to ask of you. Will you grant it?"

"What is it, please? I can tell you better then."

"I know some people say I have odd notions, some even say fanatical, but I cannot help it. I hate intoxicating liquors in any shape, and to-night, dear, I saw you taking wine. It hurt me, dear."

She raised her eyes. "I am sorry, Ralph. I did not know."

"I know you did not know, and I know you do not see any harm in it; but for my sake, just because I ask it of you, will you not promise me not to take it again?"

"Ralph, you know I would do anything for your sake." She spoke steadily. "Anything that lay within my power. I think I can promise all that you do." A tear-drop glistened on her long lashes.

Ralph bent his head and kissed the sweet lips. He was satisfied, but Kathie had made no promise.

Ralph was called away to a distant state, and a number of months elapsed before his return. A change gradually stole over Kathie. She grew more quiet than she had ever been before. Her face grew white and haggard, and into her soft brown eyes came a look such as might come into the eyes of a stag when, hopeless before an impregnable wall, he turns at bay.

Even Ralph's letters failed to cheer her, and after the joyous welcome of each the look upon her face only grew more hopeless. She had a fancy for taking long walks in secluded lanes, and Aunt Mary watched her closely, with eyes oftimes made dim by tears, for in her heart she believed that the poor girl was losing her mind.

Kathie had just returned from one of her long walks, and paused in the old-fashioned garden, pregnant with June's sweetest flowers. She saw a figure rapidly approaching. A look, half hope, half despair, sprang to her eyes.

In thirty minutes the figure came. She stretched out her hands.

"Oh Ralph! My love, my love!"

He took her in his arms tenderly, "Are you ill, Kathie? You look so strange!" he exclaimed.

"No, no, not ill." She tried to smile.

"Were you so glad to see me, little girl, and was it because I was so long in coming, you have grown so pale?"

He put his hand under her chin and raised her face. "This will never do. I will not leave you again. Come and sit down here. I have something to tell you."

He drew her to a low seat near. "Do you know, little girl, I have come after my wife? And I do not mean to go away without her. I have been appointed, and in less than three weeks my congregation will expect me. I am prepared for all your objections, and I will not listen to one, so you see you have nothing to do but yield gracefully."

Kathie's lips moved convulsively, but they were dry, and no sound came forth. Her head was bent low, and he could not see her face.

"You are not going to say one word against it, but will let me have my way, like the dear little girl you are!" There was such gladness, such tenderness, in his voice!

She started up, pushing him from her, "No, O no, I dare not!"

"What do you mean, Kathie? I cannot understand."

"I mean Ralph, you must go away. You must never try to see me again. I can never be you wife. Listen, and I will tell you why."

She raised hand, as though appealing for mercy, and her voice so weighted with pain, her face so white and hopeless, and her whole manner awed him and kept him silent.

"I love you, Ralph, God only knows how much. When all hope was dead, I prayed for strength to give you up. Look upon me, Ralph Ansell! You, who are so noble, so grand, and strong, look upon me! Despise me if you must, but still pity me. The woman upon whom you have bestowed the priceless treasure of your love, is a common drunkard! O, Ralph! I did not mean to wrong you so! I thought that my love for you would hold me back; that I would gain strength, and when I thought God had forsaken me, you helped me, but it could not last. I cannot resist this burning, consuming thirst. It maddens me. My brain is on fire. Sometimes I think, nay, even hope, that reason will yield. I have deceived you; deceived them all, ever since I can remember. I have fought against it. O, my God, have I not fought against it; against the demon that holds me in his clutches! But all in vain, in vain."

Ralph essayed to speak, but she silenced him.

"Nay, hear me out. I think I am accursed, for I was born with the love of liquor. My mother subsisted almost entirely upon wine for weeks before I was born, and often I have shuddered, to hear Aunt Nancy tell, how, in my babyhood, I cried for brandy. They let me have it, and when I grew older and they refused me, I took it; for I could not live without it. When I went away to school, I fought against it, only to yield in the end. All my spare money, and father was lavish, went for liquor.

"I came home, took up the fight again, but to yield as before; then you came. I thought then that I had conquered, and I was almost happy; but slowly the old burning thirst came back.

"Ralph, you remember the time you asked me not to drink wine, because it hurt you? My heart broke that night. All hope died, for I dared not promise. I knew then that I could never be your wife. I said to myself, 'Ralph Ansell's wife, a minister's wife, a drunkard!' over and over again, until the words were burned into my brain in letters of fire.

"No, never, Ralph, never! I loved you too well. I could not drag you down, could not point the finger of scorn at you, and I came to you and tell you not to come again; but Ralph, I wanted to look upon your face once more, and hear you say you could forgive me before you passed from out my wretched life forever."

She was kneeling at his feet now. The torrent of her words ended, her strength was spent, and Ralph Ansell, the man she had so wronged, bent and lifted her in his arms.

"Forgive you my darling! God knows I do! But I cannot forgive those who have so cursed your life. I will not give you up, Kathie. I will help you to fight against this fearful thing, God will give you strength I know it."

"No, no, Ralph! It can never be. There is no hope for me, none, none! God has forsaken me. O mother, mother, if I had only died when you did!"

O, the despair, the anguish in her voice! It wrenched the heart of the man who loved her, more than death could have done!

In vain he urged her to marry him still. She was firm. She would not yield, and bade him go his way and leave her to her wretched doom.

At last he left her, resolved to come again on the morrow, and renew his entreaties.

He turned back once, and saw her standing still, where he had left her; her slender figure outlined against the roses, her small hands clasped over her heart, the despairing look of her face in her very attitude.

A longing came over him. He retraced his steps, took her in his arms, kissed her eyes and lips and brow, then without looking back, he disappeared from sight.

Aunt Nancy awoke from her afternoon nap. The house seemed strangely quiet. The clock pointed to half-after five. She hastily arose and began to prepare the evening meal. Kathie had not yet returned, she thought.

The master of the Elms came in. "Where is Kathie?" he asked.

"She went out after dinner," aunt Nancy replied, "and has not yet got back. I spose she must have gone to the village, though she didn't say nothin' about it."

The meal was eaten in silence, and aunt Nancy cleared away the dishes, and sat down to her knitting to watch for the absent one.

The shadows of night gathered, but Kathie did not return.

"Maybe she intends staying all night," said Aunt Nancy, uneasily, "but I believe I would ride over and see. We need some tea, anyway."

But John Wendell was getting old and stiff, and so he said, "It looks considerably like a storm, and I expect she stayed until it got so late she thought she would wait till morning. She is right somewhere, and gals is not apt to think about old folks worrying about them."

So the night passed, and the next day they found her. At the foot of the old garden flowed a little stream, narrow but deep in the channel. It was spanned by a little foot-bridge. Kathie had crossed it safely hundreds of times, but this time her foot slipped, and the sparkling river received her in its cold embrace.

So said the sorrowing friends gathered at the house of mourning; but Ralph knew better, and Aunt Nancy knew better; but the secret remained locked in each faithful breast.

As the silver threads showed themselves in his dark hair, people said, "How he must have loved her, for his sorrow has made him old before his time."

Ralph was a Christian who believed his Bible, but in his heart he felt that even her last mad act might be forgiven by the merciful Father, who seeth and knoweth all.

Somewhere rested the burden of a great sin, but not upon her bright head. O, no, no! And kneeling there beside her early grave, Ralph Ansell consecrated his life to a holy work for his fellow men.

A BOOZY FLY.

A Guest in a Washington Hotel Tries to Kill Him with Whisky.

I had heard that tobacco and flies did not agree, so I lighted the blackest pipe I could find, but that fly frolicked through the fog as though he had at last found something he could really enjoy. I then got a lump of sugar and soaked it in hotel whisky, which is somewhat less deadly than prussic acid, but which I shrewdly conceived would at least weaken that fly's intellect and enable me to capture him alive. So I set the sugar and pretended to be absorbed in my subject. For half an hour the fly refused to notice it, but finally his curiosity got the better of his judgment and he went for it. His method of taking a drink was to unfurl a species of black hose with a sucker on the end of it, and insert this with great dexterity between the crystals. I kept perfectly still. He took one toddy and braided his hind legs, took another drink and braided his fore legs, took a third drink and polished his eyes, took a fourth drink and gave himself a rushing down his proboscis, waited a few minutes to see him curl up and die in great agony, for I know what Washington hotel whiskey is, but the more toddies he took the more frisky he grew. Finally I thought I would wait until he got sleepy, and then I would steal on him and accomplish his ruin. I waited in vain. Having filled himself up with the exhilarating beverage I had prepared, that fly entered upon a shameless course of depravity which eclipsed the wildest efforts of his sober moments. He seemed to view my having set the drinks in the light of a cordial approval of all his previous actions, and now proceeded to whoop things up and show me what he could really do. He threw somersaults backward and forward, he tied his legs up in hard knots and unraveled them again with amazing rapidity, and then he pirouetted on my pen and clicked his heels together, climbed over each particular hair of my head, used my eyebrows as a door mat, pretended to think my ear was a telephone, and skated down the bridge of my nose. I have seen liquor bring out the deviltry of a cowboy, and make an Apache deliriously bloodthirsty and cruel, but never have I seen depravity break so utterly loose as it did in that intoxicated Washington fly.

THE CONGRESSIONAL BANK.

Members Who Do Not Draw Their Pay But Let it Accumulate There.

When a member dies his pay ceases on the day of his death. The salary of the successor commences the day after the decease of the former member, although the election may not occur for several months. The new member, in other words, draws pay for time he has never served.

A member is allowed 20 cents mileage each way, or 40 cents a mile one way, and he can check for the full amount of both trips when he takes his seat. He is allowed $125 a year for stationery. The most of this sum is pocketed.

The members draw their money in different ways. There are probably twenty of the present House who let their salaries run into nest-eggs. They each have from $1,000 to $3,000 to their credit.

There are a couple of dozen members who always overdraw, or rather borrow from the head of the bank. They borrow to get in advance sums ranging from $10 to $300 and at the end of the month they have nothing. The great majority of the members draw all that is coming to them at the end of the month, particularly those who have their families with them. Some of them never see an open bank, but let their monthly salary remain and draw it out in small sums. Others take out their salaries and place them in other banks, but this is not done as much as formerly. A number of them got caught in the Middleton bank that broke some time ago.

Most of the members do all their financial business over the counter of the Congressional bank and some of them pile checks up as high as $60,000 in a single session.

Champion Kiss of the Country.

A Springfield bell was visiting in this city not long ago, and received a large share of respectful homage from the leading society young gentlemen. She commands attention not only for her personal charms and graces, but for her mental culture and vivacious conversation. Before leaving the Union depot in this city for the state capital the young lady was describing to a friend of mine, with whom she had visited, the "Bloomington kiss," as she was pleased to term the salutations which some fortunate bell-hold admirer was permitted to give. She said "the first time she was kissed by a Bloomingtonian she felt like a big tub of roses swimming in honey, cologne, nutmegs and cranberries. She also felt as if something was running through her nerves on feet of diamonds, escorted by angels, shaded by honeysuckles—and the whole spread with melted rainbows."

How the Apaches Live and Ride.

An Apache will ride a horse down, kill the animal, and cut as large a piece of meat out of him as he can conveniently carry, steal a fresh horse and pursue his journey. He will ride the fresh horse until it can carry him no further, and his supply of meat from his last horse is exhausted, and then kill the steed and steal a new one, as before. The government scouts are Apaches, who are allowed all the amunition they want. They, of course, stand in with those on the war-path, and supply them with cartridges. In this way they are enabled to keep up the war. When the scouts are discharged they return to the reservation, and there break out themselves.—*Arizona Messenger.*

Jeffersonian Simplicity.

What would Thomas Jefferson think if he could come out of his grave and go to the capital of the nation, and see the coats of-arms on the carriages of government officials? We do not know what Mr. Jefferson would think, but if he kept his peepers peeled, that is exactly what Mr. Jefferson would see.—*Louisville Times (Dem.)*

Humor.

THE TELEPHONE ABROAD.

The Baleful Modern Improvement Devastating London.

That the readers of the BLADE may understand the trouble the telephone is causing in London, the following is clipped from *Punch*:

Scene—The hall of the Senior Parthenon club.

Enter Mr. Walford Snooks, hurriedly.

Mr. Walford Snooks (to hall porter)—Any letters?

Hall Porter (after leisurely looking through papers taken from a pigeon hole)—No, sir.

Mr. Walford Snooks (in dismay)—Not a letter nor a telegram?

Hall Porter (again searching packet)—No, sir: no letter and no telegram.

Mr. Walford Snooks (emphatically)—Dear me! (Suddenly.) Are we on the telephone?

Hall Porter—Yes, sir; only it isn't used very often. There's the book of numbers, and you go in there. (He points to a semi-glazed cupboard.)

Mr. Walford Snooks (after hurriedly consulting list)—Ah! here we are. Two million seven hundred and four. (Rings excitedly by touching the knob, then shouts through the receiver.) Are you there?

Indistinct Female Voice (after a long pause)—Did you ring?

Mr. Walford Snooks (indignantly)—Did I ring! Why, I have been—(suddenly finding he is no longer heard, he holds a receiver to his ear.) By Jove, she has cut me off! (Violently rings again.)

Indistinct Female Voice (after a longer pause)—Did you ring?

Mr. Walford Snooks (wary of losing another chance)—Two million seven hundred and four!

Indistinct Female Voice—Two million seventy-four?

Mr. Walford Snooks (angrily)—No; two million seven hundred and four!

Indistinct Female Voice—What?

Mr. Walford Snooks (shouting)—Two million seven hundred and four!

Indistinct Female Voice—I can't hear you.

Mr. Walford Snooks—I said—by Jove, I am cut off again! (Pushes the button-bell viciously.) O, I can't stand this!

Indistinct Female Voice (after a pause)—Did you ring?

Mr. Walford Snooks (imploringly)—I said two million seven hundred and four. Please, two million seven hundred and four.

Indistinct Female Voice—Well, I will see if I can get you put on.

Mr. Walford Snooks (moved almost to tears)—Thank you.

(He waits for ten minutes, and then rings, but in a broken-spirited fashion.)

Indistinct Female Voice (after a pause)—Did you ring?

Mr. Walford Snooks (roused once more to fury)—Did I ring! Why, hang it!—There! She has cut me off again! (Listens with the receiver.)

Harsh Male Voice (suddenly through telephone)—Are you there?

Mr. Walford Snooks (gratefully)—Yes. Are you Charley Tremlett?

Harsh Male Voice (as before)—What? I can't hear what you are saying.

Mr. Walford Snooks (slowly)—Are you Miss—ter Charles Prem—let?

Harsh Male Voice—Eh? Are you there?

Mr. Walford Snooks—Who are you?

Harsh Male Voice—Patent Cucumber Company. Two million and seventy-four. Patent Cucumber Company. Is it about the spoiled cocoanut consignment?

Mr. Walford Snooks (furious)—She has put me on the wrong number, after all! (Shouting through the telephone.) I don't want you! It's a mistake. I don't want you!

Harsh Male Voice (mildly)—Eh? Are you there?

Mr. Walford Snooks (indignantly rings bell)—Two million seven hundred and four! Two million seven hundred and four!

Indistinct Female Voice—Did you ring?

Mr. Walford Snooks (boiling over with rage, but trying to whisper)—Two million seven hundred and four! Please—two million seven hundred and four! (He listens intently.)

Mild Male Voice (after a long pause)—Are you there?

Mr. Walford Snooks—Yes. Will you please tell Mr. Tremlett that I can't get the dinner on Saturday at the Palais Royal. So we must go to Paris to-night, and had better dine together at the club. Tell him, please, that he had better bring his portmanteau with him, to save time, and—

Mild Male Voice—Are you there? I can't hear a word you are saying, if you are talking.

Mr. Walford Snooks (angrily)—It's too bad! Are you there?

Cheery Voice (suddenly)—Yes, I am here —Charley Tremlett.

Mr. Walford Snooks (overjoyed)—Can you hear me?

Cheery Voice—Quite distinctly. Well, what is it?

Mr. Walford Snooks—Well, Charley, I was saying that I can't get tickets for the Palais Royal for Saturday.

Cheery Voice—Yes. Keep on talking, or they will cut us off.

Mr. Walford Snooks—Well, I was saying—

Imperious Female Voice—Now, then, have you done?

Mr. Walford Snooks (imploringly)—Don't cut us off. Well, I was saying that, as I can't get the tickets for the Palais Royal, we had better—

Imperious Female Voice—Now then—have you done talking?

Mr. Walford Snooks—No. Please don't cut us off. Well, as I was saying— (Suddenly becoming conscious that the connection had been severed). Hang it all! This is too bad!

(Attacks the bell viciously for five minutes.)

Indistinct Female Voice—Did you ring?

Mr. Walford Snooks (indignantly)—Did I ring? I had better write what I want to say! (Leaves box and motions messenger to follow him.) And this is progress!

(Retires angrily into the smoking room to compose his letter.)

LITTLE SIX-YEAR-OLD.

What He Would Do With a Brakeman's Suit.

Another inquisitive 6-year-old bobbed up on a Big Four train this morning as a brakeman, wearing a patent leather cap and a brass-buttoned blue-suit, rushed through the cars in the unceremonious style peculiar to his class.

"Say, pap, does that man own the railroad?"

"No, sonny, he is only the brakeman."

"Why does he slam the door so hard?"

"Maybe so that he will break something."

"Is that the reason they call him the brakeman?"

"Be still, Johnny, until we get through the tunnel."

"I'll bet that if I had a hundred dollars I'd get a suit like the brakeman wears."

"Then what would you do?" asked papa curiously.

"I'd wear it to Sunday School and take up the collection. I'll bet I would get lots of money, 'cause I'd scare the people just like the conductor and the brakeman does."—*Cincinnati Times Star.*

Where Her Papa Comes In.

A Boston minister has a bright little 4-year-old daughter whose sayings are often worth repeating. One morning at breakfast he asked across the table:

"Edie, whom do you love best?"

"Mamma," answered the litte one.

"Whom next?"

"Aunt Helen."

"Whom next?"

"Bridget."

And the disappointed father continued his questions until the young maiden had declared her affections for most of the neighborhood without mentioning any love for her father. Finally the clergyman said:

"But, Edie, where does papa come in?"

The little maid paused a moment, looked coyly up, and then replied demurely: "In the front door."—*Boston Record.*

Overheard on a Long Island Steamer.

"Hello, Fred, you here?"

"Why, Harry! how are old man? Haven't seen you for an age."

"Where are you bound? Mount Desert?"

"No; Campobello, with my wife."

"Oh, yes; you are married now. I forgot."

"Yes; I have deserted the glorious brotherhood."

"So that Emmett girl at Mount Desert didn't catch you after all. She made a gallant struggle for you, though, old man. Let's see, I heard you married some one else, but 'pon my honor I forgot the name."

"Emmett."

"What! er——"

"Yes; the same."

"Oh."

MARK TWAIN'S EARLY DAYS.

His Experience as a Reporter in San Francisco.

When Mark Twain arrived in this city from the Sagebrush state he was in his, at that time, chronic state of impecuniosity. He had furnished some correspondence to the *Call*, and at once made a raid on that office for funds for immediate use and for a position on the local staff. He wore a ragged felt hat, a blue soldier's overcoat, pants which had formed a passing acquaintance with the tops of his boots, and the latter were guiltless of a knowledge of even the name of a blacking brush. George Barnes, who was at that time city editor of the *Call*, told him to come to work the next day, and gave him an order on the business office for money enough to make himself look respectable. The next day Twain took possession of his chair, and for six weary months Barnes tried to get some work out of him.

At the end of that time, in his good-natured way, he tried to let Mark down and out easily and politely, by saying to him: "Mark, don't you think you are wasting your time and talents in doing local work?"

"What do you mean?" said Mark.

"Why, I think with your style and talent you could make more money writing for first class magazines than in such work as you are doing now?"

"That means that you don't want me any more, I suppose:" and he put his feet on the desk and smiled blandly at Barnes.

"Well, I think you are better fitted for that class of work."

"The fact is, you have come to the conclusion that I am not the kind of a man that you want."

"Well, if you will have it," said Barnes. "You are not. You are the laziest, most shiftless, good-for-nothing specimen I ever saw around a newspaper office. I have tried for six months to get some work out of you and failed, and I have come to the conclusion that it is useless to keep you any longer."

"Barnes," replied Twain, in his most placid manner, "you are not as smart a man as I thought you were. You have been six months in finding that out, and I knew it the day I came to work. Give us an order on the office for three days' pay and I git."—*San Francisco Post.*

SHE WAS A COOK.

The Ambition Which Fires the Hearts of Florida's Colored Women.

The highest ambition of the colored individual of the female persuasion in Florida is to possess the title of "cook." From seamstress to washerwoman they invariably speak of each other as Mrs. So-and-So's "cook." My first (and last) "cook" possessed the romantic cognomen of Violet Love. Violent appeared one morning dressed in a pale-blue Mother Hubbard, and applied for a situation. Her services were engaged, and the following conversation took place:

"Violet, can you cook?"

"Yathum."

"Can you make bread?"

"No'um."

"Can you broil steak?"

"No'um. I kin done fry bacon."

"Can you make cake?"

"Yathum."

"What kind?"

"Hoe cake."

"Well, Violet, what else can you cook?"

"A heap of things. I can make rice and hominy and solicious Hop-and-John."

"And what is that, pray?"

"Well, Missy, you jest done take some rice, and peas, and bacon, and put 'em in a pot and cook 'em."

I told Violet Love that she might get the dinner, and hungrily awaited the result. After sufficient time to prepare an elaborate meal had elapsed, dinner was announced, and we repaired to the table. But for a huge watermelon that nature had prepared, and the contents of a tin can that our own bountiful and enterprising world had furnished, we should have fared very poorly from our dinner—all except Violet Love, so hearty an appreciation had she of the pot of Hop-and-John that she ate it all.—*Milwaukee Wisconsin.*

A Mean Trick.

An Episcopal minister in a Dakota town was speaking of ascertain young man living in the place.

"No," said the divine, "I don't like him, he is a low, worthless fellow and I don't want anything to do with him under any circumstances."

"My dear," interposed his wife, "it isn't right to talk that way about any one. The boy is young yet and may reform."

"No, he never will."

"But you mustn't be so severe on him—if you would try you might possibly help him to be something better."

"I shall never try. If he should come into my church I would consider it my duty to order him out."

"Don't talk that way! What has he done to cause you to have such unchristian feelings against him?"

"What has he done? Well, he's done enough. He's got a trick of making a noise like two dogs fighting and for the last two Sabbaths he's got under one of the church windows and stampeded the whole congregation. I tell you it would make you have unchristian feelings to look up from a long prayer and see your congregation falling over one another in getting out the door and hear the leading deacon shouting that he'll bet $2 on either dog!"—*Estelline Bell.*

No Mere Passing Whim.

Miss Birdie McGinnis is one of the most confirmed flirts in Austin. She has been engaged to half a dozen men, and thus far has never married any of them.

Of late, Tom Anjerry, a dissipated student of the university of Texas, has been paying Miss Birdie marked attention. A few evenings ago, being in a secluded place with her, he flopped down on his knees and remarked, in an agonized tone of voice:

"Miss Birdie, I adore you."

"I can't believe you," replied Birdie; "you men are so fickle and unreliable. Your so-called love is a mere passing whim."

"Oh, no," said Tom; "my love for you is greater than that of your last four fellows put together."—*Texas Siftings.*

Gone to Watch Hill.

"Daniel," remarked the President this morning in a thoughtful tone.

"Yes, sire," responded Daniel.

"Where has Secretary Manning gone for the summer?"

"He has gone to Watch Hill, sire."

"Where, Daniel?" queried the President, rousing from his reverie for a moment, only to relapse again.

"To Watch Hill, sire."

"Um-um," soliloquized the President in an almost inaudible voice, "that's kind of Manning. I'm going to watch Hill myself this summer and next winter and next summer, too."—*Washington Critic.*

He Charged $97.

Spriggins—You are a society reporter, aren't you?

Pennibs—I have that inexpressible felicity.

Spriggins—You write up the fashions, don't you?

Pennibs—That is one of my numerous functions.

Spriggins—Well, how much will you charge me for a paragraph stating that a plain gold band is now the proper thing for an engagement ring? I have to buy one for Mamie to-morrow, and if I could show her such a paragraph, it would be $100 in my pocket.

Had Been a Baseball Umpire.

Lawyer—May it please the Court, the defense does not care to cross-examine the witness, as testimony coming from him is unworthy of belief.

Judge—Has the witness ever been convicted of any criminal offense?

Lawyer—Not that I know of, your Honor.

Judge—Has he the reputation of being a falsifier?

Lawyer—Not exactly that, your Honor; but he has been employed two seasons as a baseball umpire.

Judge—Ah! (to the witness) you can stand down, sir; (to the clerk) call the next witness.—*Boston Transcript.*

Two Nice Husbands.

Dialogue overheard on a street car:

"You've no idea what a vixen my wife was, and I suffered her for twenty years. But heaven does not always chasten. Last week she began to let me have peace."

"Ah! Reformed?"

"No. Died."

"Well, I can sympathize with you, but not through personal experience. I am very happy at home. My wife is a model."

"A model wife, eh? That is rare."

"Oh! Not so rare as you may think. She is all day posing in artist's studios; and, as I am a night watchman, we see very little of each other."

TRAVELING RULES

For Women Who Go Out Into the World in Steam Cars.

First—Be sure you know where you want to go before you get on the train.

Second—When you purchase your ticket you will have to pay for it; no use to tell the ticket agent to "charge it and send the bill to your husband." And if he says the price of the ticket is $3, don't tell him you can get one just like it off the conductor or at the other store for $2.50; he won't believe you and he might laugh at you.

Third—Never travel without money. It requires broad views, liberal education, keen discernment and profound judgment to travel without money. No one can do this successfully but tramps and editors.

Fourth—Beware of the drummer.

Fifth—Don't give a stranger your ticket and ask him to go out and check your trunk. He will usually be only too glad to do it. And what is more, he will do it, and your trunk will be so effectually checked that it will never catch up with you again. And when the conductor asks you for your ticket, and you relate to him the pleasing little allegory about the stranger and the baggage, he will look incredulous, and smile down upon you with half closed eyes and say that it is a beautiful romance, but he has heard it before. And then you will put up your jewelry or disembark at the next station.

Sixth—If you are going 300 miles don't try to get off the train every fifteen minutes, under the impression that you are there. If you get there in twelve hours you will be doing excellently.

Seventh—Call the brakeman "conductor," he has grown proud since he got his new uniforna and it will flatter him.

Eighth—Put your shawl-strap, bundle and two paper parcels in the hat-rack; hang your birdcage to the corner of it, so that when it falls off it will drop into the lap of the old gentleman sitting behind you; stand your four house-plants on the window sill, set your lunch basket on the seat beside you, fold your shawls on the top of it, carry your pocketbook in one hand and hold your silver mug in the other, put your two valises under the seat, and hold your bandbox and the rest of your things in your lap. Then you will have all your baggage handy, and won't be worried or flustered about it when you have only 29 seconds in which to change cars.

Ninth—Address the conductor every ten minutes. It pleases him to have you notice him. If you can't think of any new questions to ask him, ask the same old ones every time. Always call him "Say" or "Mister."

Tenth—Pick up all the information you can while traveling. Open the window and look forward to see how fast the engine is going. Then when you get home you can tell the children about the big cinder you picked up with your eye, and how nice and warm it was, and how it tasted like.

Eleventh—Don't hang your parasol on the cord that passes down the middle of the car. It isn't a clothes line. It looks like one, but it isn't.

Twelfth—Keep an eye on the passenger who calls the day after Monday "Chewsday." He can't be found on a car's length.

Thirteenth—If you want a nap, always lie with your head projecting over the end of the seat into the aisle. Then everybody who goes up and down the aisle will mash your hat, straighten out your frizzles and knock off your back hair. This will keep you from sleeping so soundly that you will be carried by your station.

HE CHANGED HIS MIND,

And Decided That He Would Not Go, After All.

Speaking of devices to get cool, the Historian is reminded of the case of a hanger-on upon the verge of journalism who is well-known down in the direction of Lynn. This individual has established some sort of connection with a newspaper published in a suburb of Lynn, and the way he obtained "facilities" on the strength of that connection was the wonder and envy of all like-minded persons in Eastern Massachusetts, the area was immeasurable. It is an adage in the transportation business: "Whoever rides free once never pays again." This newspaper man from the suburbs of Lynn never paid again.

One exceedingly hot day, having made up his mind that the proper thing to do was to take a salt-water excursion, this man of cheek strolled along the wharves of Boston in order to pick out the likeliest excursion steamer he could find. He selected one at last, went on board, hunted up a chair, took a seat in a shady place, put his feet on the rail and began to read a newspaper. In about fifteen minutes a sailor-looking man opened a door, looked at him about a minute and disappeared. In about ten minutes more the sailor-looking man came back and addressed the newspaper man.

"What are you doing here?" said he.

"Oh!" exclaimed the newspaper man, "only going to take a little trip with you." And he whipped out his card a presented it. "Member of the press, you know—give you a good notice in the paper next week!"

The sailor looking man said not a word, and went back into the bowels of the vessel.

Fifteen minutes more and the steamer hadn't started. The newspaper man began to get a little weary. He waited a little while longer, and went inside and hunted up the sailor-looking man, who was apparently engaged in polishing the ship's cable.

"Say!" said the newspaper man, "how long before this boat starts?"

"Well," said the sailor-looking man, as he went on with his polishing, "I think she'll sail about a week from next Wednesday. She's laid up for repairs!"—*Boston Record.*

A Vulgar Falsehood.

"Well, colonel," said a friend to Sec. Endicott, of the war department, "I notice by the Philadelphia *Press* that you are in favor of improving our coast defenses."

"Ah!" replied the colonel, with a pleased and satisfied smile; "they've had my name in the newspapers, have they? Yes, I am in favor of such a measure."

"That's what the paper said. But it went further and stated that you wanted to grease the sea with a bacon-rind so that the enemies' ships would slide in against the coast and be dashed to pieces."

"It's a wicked newspaper lie," shouted the colonel, kicking over a spittoon and a waste basket, and he half rose from his chair and brought his feet down on a table. "I never said anything of the kind. I consider bacon-rind a vulgar, common article. What I did say was that olive oil might be so used, and I have in my library a scientific work showing the feasibility of the application of oil in such cases. I shall write a card at once and deny the foul aspersion."—*Washington Critic.*

Edith Was Knowing.

"Yes," said the parson at the tea table, "young Jordan was out

Recent Literature.

Two persons who have wielded great power in the government of France, and challenged the attention of the whole world by their brilliant intellectual force, their wonderful sagacity, and their iron wills, are Richelieu and Mazarin, and the history of their lives, and the details of the political events of which they were so large a part are always full of interest. Perhaps there can be little difference in the influence of their actions, but there may be a large one in the judgment of the motives by which they were moved. Both had a towering ambition, whatever other qualities they may have possessed, and both arrived at a height of fame and power that but few men reach.

"France Under Mazarin,[with a Review of the Administration of Richelieu," is a book recently issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, in two volumes. The author is James Breck Perkins, and he seems to have written with a strong interest in his subject that is reflected in the book. He has made a keen analysis of the character of the men and of the times, and traced events to causes with a true philosopher's instinct.

All of the first part of the work is taken up with a review of the administration of Richelieu.

The author then shows how the principles of Richelieu's government bore evil fruit when his restraining hand was gone. The tendencies which he established could not be changed after him, and though it was possible that his course politically was the only one open to him, and while it raised France to splendid power for the time, it was what led to the revolution a half century later.

The career of Richelieu's successor, Mazarin, is traced in a spirited way, showing what a wonderful control he obtained and held over the people; who was hated more than any other minister that France ever had, and yet who added so greatly to her prosperity. It would be pleasant to make many more quotations from these volumes did space permit, but enough has been given to show the character of the work, which is a most valuable addition to any library.

Another one of the Stories of the Nations issued by the Putnams, is that of "Germany," by Sabine Baring-Gould, M. A., with a collaboration of Arthur Gilman, M. A., the well known historian. This volume is of a corresponding style of topographyand binding with the others of the series. It gives a concise narration of the rise and progress of one of the greatest nations of the world, and is fairly well illustrated, though there might be an improvement in this respect.

From the same house comes "A Life in Song," by George Lansing Raymond. Perhaps a good idea may be formed of the character of the work by the following lines from the prelude:

So spake, with eyes that fondly sought his words
As mothers' eyes will seek their children's forms,
The man whose care has wrought these tales in song.
Them, morning, sage-like, toward a waiting friend,
He slowly said: "Beneath men's outward lives
There flows a force whose current, sweeping on,
Impels to outward good. But if they start
To gain this good, they oft are driven back;
And oft must start anew. Through all their
They thus may struggle forward, then draw back,
And move now here, now there, and half be-
Like half the world, that all their deeds are vain;
Yet must it be that far above this earth,
Where grander progress courses grander paths
There dwells a power that knows this strife that urges
Men's hope so vainly to and fro below,
Are seen to swing the pendulum that turns
The hands on heaven's high dial to better times.

"Don't Marry" is a little book published by J. S. Ogilvie & Co., New York, which contains some practical advice upon this allimportant subject. Some marry to soon, others wait too long. This book will tell you how to choose and whom to marry; besides giving you hints and helps possibly not found in any other book. It will be sent by mail postpaid, to any address, on receipt of 25 cents.

The same publishers issue in pamphlet form "The Battle for Bread," which is a series of sermons on the relations of labor and capital, by the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D. Those who are familiar with the well known popular preacher will know what to expect in this little book. He shows up some of the sins of the time among both capitalists and laborers in strong terms. These sermons have all been published in the BLADE.

"An American Tour-in-Hand-in Britain" is a very little story of a trip through Great Britain, written by Andrew Carnegie, and issued in pamphlet form by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. It is fresh and breezy, and all the more pleasing because originally written only for the pleasure of a few intimate friends, and finally for the public through the appreciation of those who heard and enjoyed it. Sold for 25 cents.

Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, issue "A Fight for a Fortune," from the French of Fortune Du Boisgobey, a story which has all the characteristics belonging to the French stories, and will therefore be likely to please those with whom they are favorites. It is a very pretty romance, put up in pamphlet form, and though the print is fine, the tint of the paper renders it very easy reading. Pamphlet, price 15 cents.

"The Missing Bride" is one of Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth's popular stories, issued by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, and is as full of incident and excitement as her stories usually are. It is published in a large duodecimo volume of 436 pages, uniform with "Self Raised," and "Ishmael," at the low price of 75 cents a copy, and will be found for sale by all booksellers, and news agents, and on all railroad trains, or copies of it will be sent to any one, to any place, post-paid, on remitting the price in a letter to the publishers.

The last issue received from Cassell & Company, New York, of their popular National Library, is entitled "Voyagers' Tales," from the "Collections of Richard Hakluyt." Sold for 10 cents. Subscription price for the year, with weekly issues, $5.

"War and Peace" is a historical novel by Count Leon Tolstoi, which was translated from the Russian into French by a Russian lady, and from the French into English by Clara Bell. It is in two volumes, paper cover. The story covers the time from 1812 to 1820 and many of the stirring incidents of that most impressive and dramatic period of European history are introduced. It is one among historical novels that is of the most absorbing interest from beginning to end, and is a book that is well worth the reading. The publisher is Wm. S. Gottsberger, New York.

The BLADE has received a well prepared pamphlet of the publications of G. P. Putnam's sons, New York, which is almost a cyclopedia in its extent, and shows what that enterprising house has done.

The August number of *Demorest's Magazine* comes to us freighted with good reading. Mrs. Croly contributes an interesting article on one of the typical dramatic stars, Genevieve Ward; Emma M. Tyng furnishes "South Kensington and Its Neighborhood," and W. Jennings Demorest has two Prohibition articles; Mrs. Hart's serial is continued; there are several good stories and poems, one of the valuable series, "From Pencil to Brush," and "The World's Progress." The frontispiece is a fine steel engraving called "Harmony." Published in New York.

The *Quiver* for August has a very good table of contents. Among others are the following: "Work Among the Highways and Hedges;" "Sylvia Moreton's Probation;" "The Stranger Within the Gates;" "At Last;" "The Making of a Sunday School Teacher;" "Under the Eaves," "Two Little Feet;" and several others, besides the serials. Published by Cassell & company, New York. $1.50 a year.

The July number of *Pansy* comes more attractive in appearance and in matter than ever. The young folks have in this magazine a well-spring of pleasure, and they will be sure to make it welcome. D. Lothrop & Company, Boston; $1 a year.

The *Musical Herald*, published by the Musical Herald Co., Boston, is at hand for July, and is a very good number. A very interesting article upon "Chinese Music and Musical Instruments" is the opening paper. The notes relating to musical people are full and interesting.

The *Keynote* for July 17 is full of interesting matter. This publication is doing most excellent work in its especial line, and deserves patronage. Published weekly in New York City at $4 a year.

The *Dial* for July has some most excellent comments upon new books. One of them is "Grant's Memoirs," another is "The Pagan Christ" called forth by "A Sketch of the Life of Apolonius of Tyana." Two other articles are "The Russian Storm-Cloud" and "A Landmark in Geologic Science." The criticisms upon "Recent Fiction" are interesting.

Literary Items.

The First volume of Edward Everett Hale's "Franklin in France" is promised for the autumn.

In *Notes and Queries* James Macaulay considers the question, Was John Bunyan of Gipsy origin?

In the life of Mr. Darwin which his son Mr. F. Darwin is writing will be included a fragment of autobiography.

It is reported that the literary clubs of Boston will entertain Dr. Holmes at dinner on his return from Europe.

An interesting biographical sketch of Joe Jefferson, the most beloved, if not the most famous, of American actors, appears in the August *Harper's*.

Mrs. Oliphant has written forty-three novels.

Ella Wheeler-Wilcox is about to publish a new volume of poems.

D. C. Heath & Co. announce for October a book on Manual training by Professor C. M. Woodward, of Washington University, St. Louis.

George W. Cable is busily engaged in literary work this summer at his home in Northampton, Mass.

Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps is settled for the season at her cottage on Gloucester Point, Mass. Her new novel is to be illustrated by Mr. Clements.

Professor Boyesen's complete works, except his poems, are about to be published by the firm of Commermeyer, in Christiania, in a Norwegian translation by Otto Anderson.

A letter from Constantinople in a German journal states that Naim Beis Phrasaris, an official of the Turkish ministry of education, is about to publish a Turkish translation of the Homeric poems.

John Habberton, of "Helen's Babies" fame, gives a short piece of autobiographical advice to aspiring story-writers in *Harper's* for August, with this suggestive title,—"The Penalties of Authorship."

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's "Little Lord Fauntleroy," of whom the *St. Nicholas* readers all know, is in a sense photographic, the real boy being Herbert Hodgson, a son of Mrs. Burnett's brother. This brother, a jeweler, lives in Norfolk, Va.

A RACE DISTINCTION.

The Status of the Colored Man in the South.

There are some very nice distinctions made in civil and society rules and regulations here. For instance: If I were hired by the Atlanta School Board to teach a negro school, I should not lose my social position on that account. But if I came through love of God and humanity, willing to devote my life and time to teaching the colored children, my social position was as far as society was concerned. A colored woman as a nurse or in any menial position can occupy a "white" car, and no one finds any fault. Let that same person buy her own ticket and travel by herself, and she cannot and will not be allowed to occupy the same car with her white brothers and sisters. In the former case her mistress's presence seems to act as deodorizer for her, while in the other she at once smells like a bag of phosphate, or some other high-toned perfume. I don't know why this is so, but I know that is from actual experience. On branch railroads, when only one passenger car is run and no smoker, the car is divided in the middle by a partition containing a door, and whites occupy one half of the car and colored people the other. Now if a white man wants to smoke while does he do—wait till he gets out of the car? Not a bit of it; he goes into the colored half and smokes. Suppose the colored man wants to smoke. Of course he comes into the white end of the car and lights up the T. D., and smokes and spits in the aisles, as his white brother has done in the other half? Well, I should smile to see that thing done! If such a thing should be attempted, that darkey would be fired out of the car with such force that if he started in January he would not land before December. The negroes are not all ill-treated in a civil-rights sense by any means, but many rights that the whites have. They pay as much as a white man does for a railroad ticket, or to go to a place of amusement, but when anybody tells you that they get exactly as good a car to ride in, or as good a seat at an entertainment, you raise the index finger of your left hand to the lower lid of your left eye, and slightly pull it down. I would not advise argument. In some cases let me say, the, the cars provided for the colored people are exactly like those in which the whites ride, but this is not the rule.

A Dry Fourth.

Atlanta Constitution.

From the earliest period of our history the "glorious Fourth" has always been a wet day.

Yesterday was an exception. It was "dry" all the way through. This was not because the fourth came on the fifth. Our tampering with the calendar had nothing to do with it. The dryness of the day was due to the fact that this is a "dry" town, and to nothing else.

Upon the whole it wrs an improvement. We are tired of "wet" enthusiasm. It is an inconvenient article, with a tendency to leak and overflow, and make everything soggy or mussed up.

Of course, it is understood that we had no formal celebration yesterday. But a good many people, visitors and others, took a holiday all the same. That they enjoyed themselves was plainly apparent. They had a good time in a rational way. They saw the sights, drank milk shake, egg phosphate and soda water, and the African contingent played havoc with the watermelons. Nobody made a howling swell of himself. Nobody wanted to fight. Everybody kept in a good humor.

An Idiotic Teacher.

A great many teachers think it smart to bother and confuse pupils, and seem to believe that such is good mental training. Ancient arithmetics contained what were termed catch problems, only designed for such purposes. The system is all wrong, and results in no good. An exchange asserts that "a teacher recently set her class the following task 'over Sunday.' From 8880,788,889 deduct 629 until nothing remains. The poor girls figured and figured for hours, while that aching much headway; finally, their tears attracted the attention of the parents. A simple division will show that the figure 629 is contained in the larger one no less than 1,400,300 times. Allowing three deductions a minute and twelve hours' work a day, it would take over 649 days to do what had been given the girls as a Sunday task." What ought to be done with a teacher who would give such a task?—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Jay Gould as a Workingman.

A gentleman who had business with Mr. Jay Gould called at the millionaire's office down Broadway.

"Is Mr. Gould in?" he demanded of the clerk who confronted him.

"He is too busy to see anybody to-day," was the answer, to which in glib tongue this further information was added: "He is attending a meeting of directors now and will be kept at that till noon; then while he lunches he will dictate his correspondence and afterward he's got two other meetings to attend and a half dozen appointments with his lawyers and other folks. He won't have a single spare moment before 3 o'clock; then on the minute he picks up his hat and makes straightway for the Atalanta to get his dinner up at Irvington."

The moral of all this is that Mr. Gould, monopolist or what not, is something of a workingman.—*New York Times.*

Scaly Conquest.

"There is nobody in the world who takes so much pleasure in finding out how much she weighs as a pretty girl," according to a man employed in a St. Paul dime museum. "Now there's a girl on the scales who comes here about four times a week, and she gets on the scales at least three times each day. She always gets some one to weigh her, and when she steps down she always remarks that this hot weather is taking the flesh off her terribly. She weighs 115 pounds, and every man around the building knows it. You would think, to look at her, she would tip the beam at 145, but she can't do it. The minute a woman mounts these scales every pair of eyes in a male head is turned on her, and she becomes the center of attraction. From the platform of these scales that little woman has made many a conquest."—*St. Paul Globe.*

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

As a Nerve Food.

Dr. J. W. SMITH, Wellington, O., says: "In impaired nervous supply I have used it to advautage."

THE LITTLE ONES AT HOME.

A Boston Miss Who Addressed the Angels in a Charmingly Free and Easy Manner.

It is a little Boston girl who has been encouraged to believe that when she is left alone to go to sleep the angels are hovering around her and keeping her company.

The other night, having been prepared for bed, before she went up-stairs, she turned around at the top of the stairs, beckoned eagerly down, and called out:

"Come along, angels!"

Mr. Corbin was led into the great Manhattan Beach speculation in a somewhat singular way. His little boy was ill and the doctors insisted that he must be taken to the seashore. The lad's father did not want to be separated from him, and so he made an arrangement with a queer little hotel down on Coney Island by which the boy should remain there, while the father could come up every day to New York and attend to business, going back at night. While waiting here for the recovery of his child Mr. Corbin was struck with the idea of opening a seaside summer resort within a short distance of New York.

Mrs. B. is one of those energetic, quick-motioned woman who carry their work by assault. One day she had started across the room on an errand, but midway forgot what it was. "What was I going for?" she asked aloud. Two-year-old, seated on the floor, and always liable to be swept up in one of her mother's hurricane passages, asked meekly: "Was—oo—goin'—for—me?"

The mother rocking her baby in the next room hears a deep drawn sigh and peeps in the nursery. "Oh, here is my Lily," she cries in most beguiling tones. "I know she wants to come and help mamma." Lily shakes her drooping head. Mamma reads the familiar signs but wisely refrains from any apparent notice. She knows the cloud must burst and the rains must fall before the air will be clear again; so laying the favorite doll in the unresponsive arms she returns to her room.

Presently she hears a sobbing sigh, then another and another, each increasing in volume and intensity. A troubled look clouds the gentle face. "My poor little girlie!" she says softly to herself; then she opens the nursery door and beholds such a tragic sight. In her low chair, one arm hanging limp over the back, the other down at her side, sits the woe begone Lily; tears streaming down her cheeks, weeping and sobbing as if her heart would break.

"My dear child! What is the matter?"

The answer comes brokenly, with a reproachful gaze into the mother's face.

"I h-a-ve-n't g-got an-y-bo-dy to wipe a-wa-y m-y te-a-rs!"—*Good Housekeeping*

Observing Little Girl—Mamma, who is that young man on the other side of the car?

Mamma—I don't know, dear. Why?

Observing Little Girl—He looks so queer. He has three eyebrows.

Mamma—How do you make that out?

Observing Little Girl—He has one over each eye and one over his mouth.

The young man had important business to transact in the first barber-shop to be seen, and the passengers all wondered why he got on just to ride one block.

Visitor (regarding the baby)—Oh, what a dear little duck of a child! He resembles you both, indeed he does. He has got his mother's handsome eyes and his father's hair.

Father (who is baldheaded)—I guess he has; I haven't.

Old Lady (to small boy)—Aren't you afraid of catching cold, little boy, going about in your bare feet?

Small Boy—I never wear shoes, 'cept in cold wedder.

Old Lady—Why not? Can't you get them?

Small Boy—No'm. Me fadder is a shoemaker.

The polite child is the latest in the juvenile world. She was strolling around the neighborhood on a tour of observation when she came across a colored man sitting on a door-step. She stood with her finger in her mouth, looking at him. Finally she said:

"You're a colored man, ain't you?"

"Yes, I'm very polite, miss," he said. "Yes, I am a colored man."

"Oh, yes, I'm very polite. I call every nigger I see a colored man."

A bright little six-year-old girl, living at Dorchester, Mass., was baptized one Sunday recently. After the ceremony she was taken back to the family pew, where her aunt gave her a dime to put in the contribution-box. After receiving the money she changed her position to the other end of the pew, away from the aisle, and whispered to her aunt: "If he don't come real near I shall keep the money myself." It is needless to say that the contribution-box did not come near enough.

A gentleman some six weeks ago sent his wife and son, a boy of about five years of age, to London. This morning an elder brother here received a letter from London in which, among other things, the boy said that he shouldn't say his prayers till he got to Boston, for he thought there wasn't any God over there.—*Boston Transcript.*

A little girl who is just at the age when her table manners are beginning to be looked after, called out to the waiter one night recently: "Give me some cake."

"How do you ask?" said mamma correctively.

"Please give me some cake," returned the little miss, and added unabashed: "I didn't forget. I was saving it up."

A professional friend has two children, a girl of 7 and a boy of 5. The former is just recovering from the mild attack of measles, and of course the boy was expected to have a dose of them. One evening last week the boy came in and spoke as follows:

"I'm feeling tough, and darned if I don't believe the measles has tackled me."

A little New Orleans girl asked her mother the other day how it was that Adam and Eve came to leave the Garden of Eden, and was told that the devil entered the garden in the form of a serpent and tempted them, and God banished them. The little child pondered over the reply for a few moments, and then looking up said: "Mamma why didn't God send the devil away instead of Adam and Eve? They were in the garden first."

A pupil read the expression, "Arms of the sea," in a very vague fashion.

"What do you mean—anything given in charity?"

"No, m'm."

"Fire-arms, perhaps?"

"Yes, m'm."

"Will you tell me (this rather impatiently) any explosives from the sea?"

"Shells."

He was sent to the head in language.

The wife of a Des Moines business man, in response to an appeal from her little boy, allowed him on the morning of "the glorious" to lay in a supply of fire-crackers from the neighboring store. In the evening he was allowed to replenish his stock. He came home with double the quantity he had asked the privilege of buying. On being remonstrated with he replied:

"It doesn't matter, mamma; they didn't cost anything. The man charged them to papa."

The father is wondering if the boy meant any reflection on his credit.

A class was asked to give some of the peculiarities of people of different nationalities, and one bright pupil gave the results of her studies on the subject as follows: "Cinnamon—Color, white; habits, eats rats and smokes opium; occupation, washing and ironing. Negro—Color, black; habits, likes liver; occupation, beats carpets. American—Color, white; habits, eats beans and fishballs Sunday morning; occupation, builds churches and school houses.

—Scrofulous diseases manifest themselves in the spring. Hood's Sarsaparilla cleanses the blood, and removes every taint of scrofula.

Care for Your Eyes.

Keep a shade on your lamp or gas burner.

Avoid all sudden changes between light and darkness.

Never begin to read, write or sew for several minutes after coming from darkness to a bright light.

Never read by twilight, or moonlight, or on cloudy days.

Never read or sew directly in front of the light, window or door.

It is best to let the light fall from above, obliquely, over the left shoulder.

Never sleep so that, on first awakening, the eyes shall open on the light of a window.

Do not use the eyesight by light so scant that it requires an effort to discriminate.

The moment you are instinctively prompted to rub your eyes, that moment stop using them.

If the eyelids are glued together on waking up, do not forcibly open them, but apply saliva with the finger—it is the speediest diluent in the world; then wash your eyes and face in warm water.

Much Sense in Two Sentences.

"Which doctor cures the most patients?" asked a shrewd matron who had just moved into town. When she was told, the lady promptly replied: "He's the man I want in sickness." Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, No. 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., point with sincere pride to their long list of cures of acute and chronic diseases by their Compound Oxygen Treatment. Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Rheumatism and Neuralgia are especially curable by this system. They will gladly send you free by mail, a pamphlet that tells all about the Compound Oxygen. Write and ask for it.

TALKS AT THE TABLE.

Things Grown at Home Are Always the Best Obtainable.

While it is true that in this favored land of ours we are blessed with an abundance and variety in the way of eating which no other place on earth has, the fact has also its drawbacks and this drawback is because of the great plenty of everything. One sees so much that he feels surfeited with the abundance and sighs for what he cannot get. For this reason everything marketable has become of a commercial value.

We do not want for fruit or vegetables as they come in with the rotation of seasons, but fruiterers and other produce dealers send to other climes for these articles. Thus we advance the season three or four months. With snow on the ground we have lettuce and greens brought from a distance or grown under glass. Our potatoes and onions come from the Bermudas, months before they can be dug from our garden. Corn comes to us a hundred miles from the place where it is raised, and fruit after fruit appears in the market before the same fruit is in blossom with our gardeners, and so when Michigan berries and Michigan cherries are ready for home consumption everybody has become tired of them and are eating the late arrivals from other climates and so it is that our tables are supplied with game, fish, vegetables, and fruits grown in every clime of the earth but our own.

It is in this way that we lose our relish for the fresh, sweet home products and are well content with the stale productions of other markets in our quest for the earliest things of spring. But the real epicure will not taste of these stale things which have come from distant places. He will have his vegetables fresh or not at all, and he reasons that if his taste is vitiated with these articles, the zest of a delicious morsel is lost, and he will not care for the tender vegetables grown at home, and the ripe fruit lucious in its bloom or dripping with rich juice.

This is true, and in view of this persons are racking their brains for methods of bringing these fruits and vegetables as near like the home productions as possible, and hot-beds are contrived where vegetables may be grown and fruit may be ripened in transit. Of course this adds greatly to the price of them, but the epicure will not cavil at the price if the morsels are succulent and tender as they are when grown under the sun.

This is one of the drawbacks for the poor man. He sees his richer neighbor's table provided with the delicacies from the South, and is not willing that he should fare so much better than he himself, and he strains every effort to procure the same for his table. Another drawback is the temptation to throw unripe fruit and vegetables upon the market, and many buy tasteless and mealy articles which are freshened in appearance by a liberal watering, but which are unwholesome and disappointing, like the "Apples of Sodom," when placed upon the table.

Every one who has ever plucked vegetables from his own garden knows the difference between them and those which have laid over even for one night. Peas and corn lose their taste and sweetness, and radishes, the most succulent of vegetables, become tough and spongy within a few hours after being drawn from the ground.

City people must be dependent on the markets, but they can refuse to buy unless the products are picked fresh and ripe. They can also wait the season, and thus encourage gardeners in growing only the best of everything, being sure that they will get fair prices and ready sales instead of proving a glut by the importations from other places.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

The True Story Which Was the Foundation of Whittier's Poem.

A contributor to the Philadelphia *Times* has been making a careful study of the Barbara Frietchie legend and shows that there is not wanting after all a basis of fact for the pretty poem. Barbara, born Hauer, was a native of Lancaster, Pa., and was nearly ten years old when the declaration of independence was adopted. She went to Frederick, Md., in early life and there married John C. Frietchie, a glover. Her husband died in 1849, and she December 18, 1862, having completed her ninety-sixth year by fifteen days. It is quite true that she did not like the rebels, and her relatives say that she shook her stick at them when they marched by and once during their occupation of Frederick in September, 1862, she drove some of them away from her door with the works: "Get up, you dirty, lousy crowd, you—get off my porch." She also had a flag which she waved, but it was to the returning federals. Her grandniece says that she and her mother went across the street to Mrs. Frietchie's house to tell her not to be frightened by the approaching soldiers, but found that the old lady knew as much about matters as they did and more. She was sitting on a three-legged stool in the front porch and waved her hand to the federal troops greatly to their delight. They cheered her, and some even ran into the yard to shake hands with her. In order to save her strength, one of her kinswomen said: "Aunt ought to have a flag to wave," and ran and got one that had been hidden in the family bible. The venerable woman sat and waved it as the troops passed by, cheering her as they went. The flag is carefully preserved by the niece and grandniece and is not rent with "seam and gash," but is simply torn. The story was first published to the world by a Frederick woman and grew in the telling until Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth sent it to Whittier in the form of a printed slip, which the poet closely followed. Mrs. Frietchie's niece, however, says that one Frederick woman, Mrs. Mary S. Quantrell, actually waved a federal flag at the rebel troops but that Stonewall Jackson took no notice of it.

HIS DANCING PLEASED THEM.

When He Objected to Imparting the Secret They Urged Him to Continue.

"I don't like these Dakota towns," chimed in a well-dressed and dainty appearing traveling man.

"The people don't like your style," exclaimed a slouchy looking man of samples. "You're off," retorted the well-dressed man. "They liked my style too well, and that's what I'm kicking about. I'll tell you about it."

"I won't hear it unless you give me a cigar. Ah! there. Thanks, many thanks," remarked the poorly dressed man.

"When Fargo was the town," continued the man who monopolized the conversation, "Dakota towns. "It was years ago, before that place had become civilized. Then it was a booming frontier town, and everything was wide open. Faro houses and dance-halls were the most attractive and most notorious places in the town. I went up to see the town, and saw it to my heart's content. I went to see everything in the place, and dropped in a dance-hall.

"Somebody ordered us all up to the bar, when the music stopped, and, fool-like, I went with the mob and got in front of the bar. While there I was compelled to drink, and after that kill-at-forty-rod-whisky passed my lips I became reckless. I got up on the floor and danced. I never danced better in my life. I just threw in all the little side steps that I could think of as I revolved in the waltz. I soon became an object of some interest, and many stood around to watch me.

"This tickled me, as I had always been very conceited about my dancing, and was pleased to think that it was attracting so much attention on the frontier. Pretty soon I got tired and stopped. Two frontier men, with high boots and broad-brimmed hats, came out on the floor where I was standing. They had been drinking.

"One of them walked up to me and said: 'Stranger, I cottons to your foot slinging, and I wants you to put me on to the racket.'

"I attempted to explain that I was no teacher of dancing, and therefore could not comply with his request.

"'We aint ther kind of galoots what takes no fer an answer,' continued the spokesman, as he and his companions drew their revolvers, 'an' we don't intend fer to begin now. We wants that air foot sling of yourn, and we wants it bad. Is you goin' to dance or not?'

"I concluded to dance, and went through the darn thing slowly, so as to give them all the points. I kept at it until I was tired out, when I went to the hotel and left on the next train. I have never been to Fargo since, and don't intend to go if I can help it."—*St. Paul Globe.*

A Mule Yarn.

A Muscogee county farmer claims that he was recently breaking in a young mule. A stalwart negro man mounted the mule in the middle of the lot and the spectators mounted the fence. The mule began to buck and dance at the same time. A cloud of dust enveloped him and his rider, and unearthly noises came from the midst of the dust cloud. When the cloud of dust cleared away the mule was quietly eating out of the trough in his stall, and one of the negro's knit suspenders was wrapt tightly around his left hind leg. No other portion of the negro has yet been discovered.—*Columbus (Ga.) Inquirer.*

To Weak Men

Suffering from Nervous Debility, Early Decay, Loss of Vitality, Weakness of Body and Mind, etc., I will send you a valuable treatise containing full particulars for certain restoration to health and manhood free of charge. A reliable cure. Address Prof. F. C. Fowler, Moodus, Conn

"STORMY" JORDAN.

A Specimen Iowa Saloon-Keeper—One Sinner with a Conscience.

Perhaps no saloon-keeper in the state is more widely known than "Stormy" Jordan, and probably none of them have sought less to disguise their hatred for the Hawkeye prohibition law or violated it more openly, says an Ottumwa (Iowa) correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. But "Stormy" has reached the end of his rope at last, and is now in the Wapello county jail, sentenced to undergo imprisonment for 300 days for putting that into his neighbors' mouths which it has been stated takes away their brains. But Jordan, although a law violator and generally tough character, with yards upon yards of profanity ready to unroll on the slightest provocation, and with such a violent temper that his Christian name of Kinsley has been corrupted into "Stormy," has, nevertheless, some traits which to a certain extent redeemed his shortcomings. Excessive frankness was one of them.

So highly developed was this faculty that soon after opening his saloon, some fifteen years or more ago, in the basement beneath the Union depot here, he created a sensation by placing a sign over the stairway leading to his bar which was a startling novelty. Surrounded with grinning devils, twisting serpents, and grinning skeletons, and ending in a huge hand pointing downward, were the following words:

Road to Hell ☞

The thirsty mortals who dared to run the gantlet after being confronted with such a warning, and found himself before the huge mirror backing "Stormy's" bar, would find further cause for curdling up his blood by reading such notices here and there as the following:

Nose Paint Sold Here!

As if this was not sufficiently startling, something like the following would boldly obtrude itself upon the view just as one had raised a glass to his lips:

Warranted to Rot Your Stomach in Five Years if You will Stick to It.

In other ways than this "Stormy" sought to impress on the bibulously inclined that the Apostle Paul was way off when he made the assertion to the effect that a little something was good for the stomach's sake. Sometimes a young blood, on a hurrah with a crowd, would enter Jordan's saloon and sing out:

"Old man, give us the best you've got in the house."

Without changing a muscle of his face, "Stormy" would quietly size up the number in the crowd, range an equal number of glasses filled with water on the bar, and then, as if to relieve his feelings, would break out with a series of emphatic dashes, thus:

"There, —— —— you! If you are really men, that's the best drink for you in this shop; but if you're beasts, I can give you something that will make you a —— sight beastlier for you'll try it long enough!"

In those days it was recorded to "Stormy's" credit that no minor had ever been permitted to drink over his bar with his permission; and woe betide the barkeeper who in his absence broke the ironclad rule, for it not only cost him his situation but brought down on his unlucky head a perfect deluge of profanity that he would never forget. When a lad or a party of them entered while "Stormy" was presiding behind the counter, he or they would sometimes be attacked with such savage language that it took but a moment to convince them that the outside air was also a matter of common report that "Stormy" put aside a certain portion of his earnings for the relief of the families of drunken men, and that he frequently contributed for weeks to the entire support of such unfortunates.

MIDSUMMER MAD.

The silly old maid with a fuzzy lap-dog that she fondles and calls "her baby."

The silly young graduate who writes A. B. after his name on the hotel register.

The silly novice out fishing for the first time who takes hold of the crab by the wrong end.

The silly fellow in a short, tight bathing suit who lolls and dwaddles in the sand to show his points.

The silly bore who thinks he knows everything and gets acquainted with people to talk them to death.

The silly snob who tries to impress strangers by talking familiarly of important people he doesn't know.

The silly nurse-maid who wears Rhinestone earrings and gets herself up in a cheap imitation of her mistress.

The silly widow who makes her evening toilet at her window on the ocean front without pulling down the blind.

The silly father who makes a tremendous fuss over his baby and asks every one he meets if they've "seen his boy."

The silly old married woman who wears short skirts and sashes and skips around the hotel parlor like a girl of 16.

The silly Saratoga youth who doesn't know a soul in the hotel and drives out in a tandem team every afternoon for show.

The silly hotel clerk, with a Cape May diamond pin, who supposes that all the heiresses are enraptured with his beauty.

The silly girl at the seaside who plasters her complexion an inch thick with cosmetics, and thinks nobody knows the difference.

The silly bather who goes out beyond the stake to show that he's not afraid and has to be lugged in like a soaked rat by the life-guard.

The silly young man in business in the city who carries his racquet in and out with him from suburban resorts to let people know that he plays tennis.

The silly fat woman, with proportions like a hippopotamus, and dressed like a guy, who insists on dancing in all the sets, and thinks she is as graceful as a gazelle.

The silly old fellow of 40, who decks out his pudgy proportions in Knickerbockers and a Norfolk jacket, and struts about under the impression that he is an Apollo.

—Oh! if I only had her complexion. Why, it is easily obtained. Use Pozzoni's Powder. For sale by all druggists and fancy goods dealers.

The Stuart Heir to the Bavarian Throne.

The future heir to the Bavarian throne is the Stuart heir-apparent to the English throne, the Jacobite Prince of Wales, Henrietta Maria, daughter of Charles I, married Philip, Duke of Orleans, the brother of Louis XIV. His daughter, Anna Maria, married Victor Amadeus II of Savoy. The legitimate claim to the throne of England remained with the Kings of Sardinia to the death of Charles Felix, in April, 1831, when the crown passed to the distant line of Savoy Carignan. It was to this claim that George III alluded when he said that if he broke his coronation oath by admitting Catholics to Parliament the crown of England would pass to the house of Savoy. Beatrix of Savoy married Francis, Duke of Modena. The male line of Modena came to end in November, 1875, and was continued in Maria Theresa, the wife of Louis, son of Luitpold, the present Regent of Bavaria. She is now the Stuart Queen of England and her son, Rupert, born May 13, 1869, is the Stuart Prince of Wales.—*London Times.*

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's patent improved cushioned ear drums perfectly restore the hearing and perform the work of the natural drum. Always in position, but invisible to others, and comfortable to wear. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book with testimonials, free. Address F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Mention this paper. Beware of fraudulent imitators.

What Nellie Thought About It.

Nellie celebrated her fifth birthday last week by a visit to the circus, where she was greatly enchanted with all she saw. When the female bareback riders came into the ring she screamed outright with delight. "Oh, pa," she exclaimed, clapping her hands, "just look at the angels!"

All for Ten Cents.

A beautiful set of gold colored picture cards and a sample copy of the St. Louis Magazine sent for 10 cents. The magazine, just entering on its sixteenth year, is $1.50 a year, yet we send it and the WEEKLY BLADE one year for $1.75. For club of both send money to either BLADE or Magazine. For picture cards and sample copy send to C. Gilmore, 213 N. Eighth street, St. Louis, Mo.

Uncultured Enthusiasm.

"Laura," said Mrs. Parvenu, on the hotel piazza, to her daughter—"Laura, go and ask the leader of them orchestras to play that 'sympathy from Meddlejohn' over again. It's such an awful favorite of mine and your father's, too!"—*Boston Traveller.*

The Camp Fire.

This Department.

From the nature of several communications which have been sent to the CAMP FIRE, the editor is led to believe that the contributors do not fully understand the object of this department of the BLADE. The CAMP FIRE is designed for the soldiers of the late Rebellion and their friends who take pleasure in discussing war topics. It is not intended to be a repository for social, religious or political matter. The department is limited to two columns each week, from which contributors can readily see that long articles are practically excluded, however meritorious they may be, and in this connection, we mean articles exceeding half a column. We much prefer short, pithy letters, full of personal adventure and incident, but are not averse to publishing opinions and criticisms providing they do not deal in personalities. We are aware that these have crept into the columns at times, but we have only redoubled our efforts to keep them out, and shall continue to do so. A discussion carried on in a friendly way, is always of interest, and not infrequently leads to valuable historical results. Such discussions of limited length, will always be welcome if they touch on matters pertaining to the war.

At this time of the year there has always been, and naturally enough, a falling off in the number of communications sent to the CAMP FIRE department. The hot weather keeps many from writing, and, as in every branch of newspaper work, there is a general lack of fresh matter. Consequently, the interest in the department falls off only to increase again with the coming of cooler weather. Let this summer be an exception. Let the old soldiers and veterans come forward with their contributions, and thus lend their aid in keeping the CAMP FIRE burning and the camp kettle singing. All will be welcome. If you cannot write much, write little. Short, spicy paragraphs are just what we want, and the more of them, the better.

Chat by the Firelight.

"X. Y. Z." in answer to an article which recently appeared in the BLADE on the Fort Pillow massacre, denounces it as a "clever lie." He pours red hot shot into Forest and his command, and says some extremely ugly things about the cruelties which were practiced at that slaughter. His wife's father, who was sick in the hospital at the time, was shot down by the rebel guerrillas in cold blood, an act which would inspire hatred in almost anyone.

J. H. M., Co. D. 27th Ohio, requests members of the 27th, 39th, 43d and 63d Ohio regiments to write accounts of the Iuka and Corinth campaign. He promises to contribute his experience in that part of the war.

B. D. Rathbun, Co. K, 1st Iowa Cav., Alpha, Kan., writing in answer to S. W. Harris, of Moscow, Idaho, says that Frank Troy, who lost both legs in the army, owns and runs a farm near Windom, Kan., and is getting rich. He thinks that there are plenty of others who could go west and do equally as well. He says that there are a large number of soldiers drawing pensions who do not deserve them. He enters his protest to the law which gives the foreign-born citizen an equal chance with the native born American, to the public lands.

L. R. Brust, Co. C, 40th Ind. Vet. Vol., of Lapland, Montgomery county, Ind., adds his statement about the battle of Peach Tree Creek. He says that it was fought July 20, 1864, and that when the rebels charged, a large number, he among them, of his company, had their shirts off to "louse" them and that he had no time to put on his shirt until after the battle, which lasted until dark. He asks all the boys who had their shirts off to report to him at once. He also corroborates R. G. Lowery's statements regarding the time when the battles were fought around Atlanta.

A Missouri Reunion.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—Will you permit a few lines in the CAMP FIRE department to inform old comrades that Missouri still contains many old soldiers who are yet laboring in the line of fraternity, charity and loyalty, and are ever desirous of once more taking the greeting hand of those that stood by them in the hours of toil and danger. And now, will the readers of the CAMP FIRE please remember that there will be a general rally and CAMP FIRE

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, or they cannot specially requested. They will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department MUST be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then propound another. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by telegraph.

5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with.

Rise and Fall of Political Parties.

W. G. H., Webster C. H., W. Va.:

Please publish in your invaluable paper the rise and fall of all political parties from Washington's day to the present.

The Bureau finds the following in an exchange, which gives a very comprehensive answer to your question:

The first division of the country into parties was over the question of adopting the constitution. Part of the people strongly approved of it, while another part as strongly objected to many of its provisions, considering that they gave too much power into the hands of the Federal government. Those who advocated a strong, centralized government became known as Federalists, and those who opposed it were called anti-Federalists. It was a triumph for the Federalists when the constitution was adopted in form as it was drawn up, but the first ten amendments of the constitution, all adopted during the three years following, were the work of the anti-Federal sentiment. Washington was a Federalist, but the true leader of the party was Alexander Hamilton, to whose successful administration of her finances the salvation of the country in its infancy is largely due. The Federalists were also called Republicans, a name which their leader, Thomas Jefferson, strongly wished them to retain. The second President, John Adams, was elected by the Federalists in consequence of the alien and sedition laws, for which this party was mainly responsible, excited much popular displeasure, and Adams was defeated for a second term by Thomas Jefferson, the leader of the Democratic or Republican Federalist party. James Madison was also elected by the Republicans, and during his administration occurred the war with England, which the Federalists bitterly denounced, and which was carried on by the party during the war, and especially the action of the leaders in calling the Hartford convention, wrought the complete ruin of the organization, and it disappeared from existence. The election of James Monroe by the Republicans in 1816, Party lines were completely broken down, and the next sixteen years were known as the "era of good feeling." John Quincy Adams in 1824, and Andrew Jackson in 1828, were elected on personal issues only. Pres. Jackson's acts, however, provoked strong opposition, and under the leadership of Henry Clay and Daniel Webster, his opponents formed a new party, which took the name of the Whig party. The upholders of the President called themselves Democrats, and claimed to be the successors of the old Jeffersonian Republican party. The principles advocated by the Whigs were a protective tariff and internal improvements by the general government, principles which the Democrats as strenuously opposed, as was shown in the course of Gen. Jackson's course in abolishing the United States Bank and in using the public to reward his adherents. Martin Van Buren was put in office by the Jackson party, but his administration, which lasted 1837-41, for which the administration was held responsible, completely broke down Democratic prestige for the time, and Gen. Harrison was elected President in 1840 by an overwhelming majority. The fruits of this victory were held to be lost, however, by the death of President Harrison one month after his inauguration, and the course of his successor, John Tyler, in opposing the Whig leaders in Congress. The great question in securing the victory of the Democratic candidate, James K. Polk, was the annexation of Texas, which the Democrats declared should be accomplished. But though many of the Whigs disapproved of the war with Mexico which followed, this did not prevent their leaders from choosing as their candidate the successful commander of the Mexican campaign, Gen. Taylor, whose popularity insured the party a comparatively easy victory. The slavery question was now continually obtruding itself, and, while both parties tried to avoid it as much as possible, it led to the formation of a new party at the North, the Liberty party, or Abolitionists, made up of antislavery Whigs, who combined in 1848 with the anti-slavery Democrats and formed the Free Soil party. This organization, however, did not make much impression upon the elections of the country until it was merged in the Republican party in 1856, which was the Whig party in form, gradually losing its power, in spite of the efforts of its leaders to compromise the growing difficulties between the North and South on the slavery question, by giving it ground, forward Gen. Winfield Scott as its candidate, but not even his splendid military reputation could save it from defeat. The slavery question never overshadowed all political issues as in 1860. The election of Pres. Pierce, the successful candidate of the Democrats in 1852, the Whig party disappeared, and a new party—the Republican—arose. The irreconcilable of this party refused to submit to the extension of slavery in the territories. It never claimed, even up to the inauguration of Pres. Lincoln, the right to interfere with the institution where it already existed. The Republican party was first organized in 1856, that it presented a very formidable opposition, but did not succeed in electing its candidate. In 1860, however, it was successful, and the announcement of the result of the victory was the signal for the secession of the Southern states, who recognized that they had now lost their power in the Union. The successful prosecution of the war brought freedom to the slaves, and the abolishment of slavery by proclamation, secured the possession of political power to the Republican party for twenty-four years. The coming forward of a new generation of the North, to whom sectional and political struggles previous to the war were a matter of history rather than experience, and whose youth during the exciting period of the war and the reconstruction period left them free from any political bias by the dominant sentiment of that period, was doubtless one of the causes of the Democratic reaccession to power in 1884. There have been several other political parties in the history of the country which have had some influence in weakening one or the other of the dominant organizations in local elections, as the American or Know-nothing party, the Union party, the Anti-Masonic, the Greenback, and the Prohibition parties. None of these, however, have ever materially affected our political history.

Distinguished Dead—Foreign Ministers—Lord Bacon.

A. L. M., Pine Grove, W. Va.:

1. What men of eminence of the United States have died during the past two years? 2. Name some our present foreign ministers to the leading countries of the world. 3. Give a short sketch of Lord Bacon's life.

1. The names we recall, without running over the files of the DAILY BLADE, are those of Gens. Grant, Sherman, McClellan, Sheridan, Logan, Burnside, Howell, Thomas A. Hendricks, B. Gratz Brown, Horatio Seymour, Schuyler Colfax, John Kelley, Wendell Phillips, Robert Toombs, Vanderbilt, Daniel Drew and James Lick. Many others of eminence, more or less distinguished, but we cannot recall their names. 2. The complete list was published recently. R. M. McLane is minister to France; George H. Pendleton, minister to Germany; Edward J. Phelps, minister to England; Richard B. Hubbard, minister to Japan; John L. Stevens, minister to Sweden and Norway; Boyd Winchester, minister to Switzerland; Charles Denby, minister to China.

3. He was born in 1560. He is said to have given precocious evidence of his genius from a very early age. Owing to his father's position, he was naturally much noticed by Queen Elizabeth, who used to playfully call him her "little lord-keeper." His progress at Cambridge, where he was educated, is stated to have been so rapid and marvelous, that at 16 years of age, he had exhausted the whole cycle of the studies of the period, and had even penetrated the fallacies of the reigning philosophy—a philosophy of which he was to become, in his maturer and splendid years, the redoubtable enemy and conqueror. Before he was 19 years of age he wrote a "General Review of the State of Europe." He was making a tour of France at the time, when his father's sudden death recalling him to England, he entered Gray's Inn, and rapidly rose to the highest honors of his profession—attorney general, and, finally, lord high chancellor. While holding this high office, to which he was elevated by King James I., he was accused of bribery and corruption, tried by the House of Lords, found guilty, and sentenced to pay a fine of £40,000, and to remain prisoner in the tower during the king's pleasure. The fine and punishment were both soon afterwards remitted, and he retired to private life to pursue those investigations and write those words which have made his name a household word over the whole civilized globe. He died in 1626. Hobbs, the philosopher, who was one of his favorite companions, said that the "cause of his lordship's death was trying an experiment. As he was taking the air in a coach with Dr. Witherborne, snow lay on the ground, and it came into my lord's thoughts why flesh might not be preserved in snow as in salt. They were resolved to try the experiment, and what was so long in doing it that Lord Bacon got a shivering fit. He went to Lord Arundel's house, where he was put into a damp bed, and died a few days afterwards."

Mexico.

Inquirer, Martinsburg, W. Va.:

1. Please describe habits and customs of inhabitants of Mexico. 2. What inducements are given by the Mexican government to parties settling there?

1. The population comprises about 6,000,000 Indians of unmixed blood, nearly one-half of whom are nomadic savage tribes of the mountainous districts of the north; about 500,000 white or creoles, chiefly descended from the early Spanish colonists; about 2,000,000 Africans or hybrids, possessing some negro blood, whether mixed with the European or the Indian element; and mestizos or half-breeds, derived from the union of the whites and Indians. Of these Indians there are 35 tribes, speaking as many different tongues, and nearly 150 dialects. They are indolent and apathetic, but under prudent direction become good workmen, and often attain to excellence in the mechanic arts; and many of them have been closely connected with leading political events of the country. The mestizos inherit the vices rather than the virtues of the parent stock, and are inconstant and turbulent. The creoles or white Mexicans are in general arrogant, proud, indolent and reckless, but extremely courteous and hospitable. The men are often well informed, but the education of women rarely extends beyond reading and writing and a knowledge of music. 2. Unless you wish to engage in a new revolution every month or two, there are no special inducements. The different states and territories of the United States—even the worst—offer better inducements than Mexico.

The Siamese Twins.

School Girl, Iowa:

Please give a description as long as possible of the Siamese Twins.

They were born in 1811, and died January 17, 1874. They were physiologically distinct, having different forms, strengths, tastes, and dispositions. The sickness of one did not affect the other; hence there could not have been any free interchange of circulations. In the connecting ensiform cartilage, the post-mortem examination showed that the band contained four peritoneal pouches, two of which met and overlapped on the median line, and that their livers and hepatic vessels communicated, though not freely, indicating that any attempt during life to separate them would probably have proved fatal. Mrs. Nancy Bryan, of Trap Hill, N. C., who was 53 years old in March, 1885, and who has 70 great-grandchildren and 48 grandchildren living, wrote as follows in regard to the Twins about a year ago: "The Twins married David Yates' daughters, sisters, Sally and Adelaide, they lived side by side from Wilkesboro, on Mulberry, and were as respectable as any young ladies in our county, and were full-blooded Anglo-Saxon. My brother, Samuel Bangass, married a sister of the Twins' wives. One of the Twins' wives had ten children and the other eleven, but several of their children are dead; they seem to be consumptive. One of the Twins had been paralyzed in the side for several years before they died, and the one that was paralyzed died in the night when the other was asleep, and when he awoke he found his brother dead and cold, and this so frightened him that he almost went into spasms, and continued in that excited condition for a few hours, and died also, but was not sick a moment, but died in this state of excitement. Dr. Joseph Hollingsworth, a regular physician of this county, was there before he died, prepared to separate them, but found that he was excited too much to perform the operation, and so he did without being separated. Their bodies were taken to Philadelphia, and were carefully and thoroughly examined by the best physicians in this government, and sent back to their families, near Mt. Airy, and they were buried at their home. I cooked their dinner when they were married. Their mother-in-law was the largest woman in this country, she weighed about 450 pounds, and Sally, one of the widows, weighs 250. Adalaide is not quite so large—only weighs about 175. Their children are smart and grow well, and three or four of them are married. One of the boys is a preacher and is in the West. There are three of the boys in the West, and said to be doing well, and the youngest is children in Mississippi. All are doing well. The most of them are members of the Baptist church."

Department of Agriculture.

Reader, Bunker Hill, Ill.:

Please tell me something about the United States Department of Agriculture.

The Commissioner of Agriculture is required to collect and diffuse useful information on the subjects connected with agriculture. He is to acquire and preserve in his office all the information he can obtain concerning agriculture by means of correspondence, and by practical and scientific experiments, the collection of statistics, and other appropriate means; to collect new and valuable seeds and plants, to test their value, and to propagate such of them as may require such tests; to propagate such as may be worthy of propagation, and to distribute them among agriculturists. The Statistician collects reliable information as to the condition and results of all kinds of crops, by the instrumentalities of four correspondents in each county of every state; this information is gathered at stated periods in each month, carefully tabulated, and duly published. The Entomologist obtains information in regard to insects injurious to vegetation; investigates the character of insects sent to him, to point out their modes of distinction and the means by which their depredations may be avoided, and arranges specimens of their injuries and nest architecture. The Botanist receives botanical contributions, and after identifying duplicates selections for the National Herbarium, distributes the duplicate plants among foreign and domestic scientific societies, institutions of learning, and botanists; he also answers inquiries of a botanical character, and edits botanical reports. The Chemist makes analyses of natural fertilizers, vegetable products, and other materials which pertain to the interest of agriculture. Applications are constantly received from all parts of the country for the analysis of soils, minerals, liquids, and manures. The Microscopist makes original investigations, mostly relating to the habits of parasitic fungoid growths which are frequently found infesting plants and animals, producing sickly growth, and, in many cases, premature death. In the propagating garden, large numbers of exotic, utilizable, and economic plants are propagated and distributed. The forage family is particularly valuable, and the best commercial varieties are propagated and distributed to the greatest practical extent. In the seed division, seeds are gathered in this and foreign countries of reliable firms, whose guarantee of good quality and genuineness can not be questioned; they are packed at the department, and distributed to applicants in all parts of the country. In the library, exchanges are made by which reports are received from the leading agricultural, pomological, and meteorological societies of the world.

Presidents—The Shilling.

P. T., Cedar Junction, Kan.:

1. Who were the presidents the 4th of March, 1793, 1829, 1849, and 1877? 2. Who was the presiding officer during the impeachment trial of Johnson, and how long did he preside? 3. What is the value of a shilling? Is there any difference between an American and an old English shilling?

1. Washington, Monroe, Taylor, Grant. Hayes did not qualify till March 5, 1877. 2. Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase served from 1864 to 1873. 3. In England the shilling is equivalent to twelve pence sterling, or one-twentieth of a pound. In reducing English money of account to United States money, a shilling is considered to be 24.3325 cents, or, within the 1200th part of a cent, to 24⅓ cents. Many of the states while colonies had issued bills of credit which had depreciated in different degrees in the different colonies. Thus in New England currency (used also in Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Indiana, Illinois, Florida, Missouri, Mississippi, and Alabama,) after the adoption of the decimal system of money, a dollar was worth only 3,333, and the shilling 16⅔ cents, or six shillings to one dollar; in some states the shilling was worth only 12½ cents; in others 21 3-7 cents, and so on. In many parts of the country these denominations continued to be used long after they ceased to be represented by actual money. In Canada the shilling was formerly reckoned at 20 cents, or five shillings to one dollar; but since the introduction of decimal currency, in 1871, four shillings two pence make a dollar.

Miscellaneous.

G., Minerva, O.: Write to the commissioner of pensions. Do not know of any such act as you mention.

To M. O. A., May, Mich., and all others inquiring about books: Write to Brown, Eager & Hull, Toledo, O.

W. M. J., Grand Ridge, Ills.:

1. Did Andrew Jackson's pass an act increasing pensions to soldiers who had lost an arm or leg? 2. What is vetoed by the President?

1. Yes. 2. No.

L. T. O., Merrill, Wis.:

Where was John Brown hung?

At Charlestown, Va., December 2, 1859. He was twice married, was the father of 20 children, and was not quite 60 years old.

F. C. N., Hartland, N. C.: The portraits on the United States legal-tender notes are as follows: $1, George Washington; $2, Thomas Jefferson; $5, Andrew Jackson; $10, Daniel Webster; $20, Alexander Hamilton; $50, Benjamin Hamilton; $100, Abraham Lincoln; $500, Gen. Mansfield; $1,000, DeWitt Clinton; $5,000, James Madison; $10,000, Andrew Jackson.

J. C. B., Conway, Kan.:

What is the origin and cause of hydrophobia?

The disease is called hydrophobia from the great dread that those who suffer from it manifest at the sight of water. The dog, cat, fox and wolf are the animals among whom this disease is most common—among whom it is natural—but there is perhaps no animal to whom it is not capable of being communicated.

Jane, Alpine, Pa.: Eurydice was in Greek mythology the wife of Orpheus. She died from the bite of a serpent, and her husband followed her into the infernal regions, where Pluto, charmed by the lyre of Orpheus, gave him permission to take her back to earth on condition that he would not look back while ascending. But, overcome by love or doubt, he glanced back at her as they were about to pass the bounds of Hades and saw her disappearing.

D. T. R., Maitsee, Fla.: The validity of a note is not impaired by the fact that it is signed on Sunday, if it is not delivered on that day. There is no general rule of law invalidating commercial paper if executed on other holidays. Notes do not draw interest on Sundays or other holidays. Whenever the last day of grace falls on a Sunday or other holiday the note becomes due and payable on the preceding day.

P. L. S., Packwood, Ia.: Pages in the United States Senate and House of Representatives are appointed by the members of those bodies. They carry messages for the members—in fact, might be classed as errand-boys. There are 20 employed in the Senate, 19 of whom receive $2.50 per day during the session, and one at $3.50 a year. In the House there are 29 receiving $2.50 a day when employed, and two paid at the rate of $500 and one at $720 yearly.

C. E. H., Bethesda, Tenn.:

1. How is a man qualified as a pension agent, and by whom appointed? 2. How old is the town of Monroe, Mich.? 3. After whom was it named?

1. By the commissioner of pensions. 2-3. The first permanent settlement was made by a small party of Canadians in 1784, who called the place Frenchtown. The first American settlement was probably made about 1793. In 1813 it was the scene of the massacre of several hundred American prisoners by the Indian allies of the British. It began to grow after the close of the war of 1812, and its name was changed in honor of Pres. Monroe.

Sarah, Carwin, Kan.:

Give directions to detect adulterations in sugar.

Pure cane and beet sugars may be known by their solutions bending the luminous rays in a certain polarization to the right, whereas grape and fecula sugars bend it to the left. Pure cane sugar boiled in a solution of caustic potassa remains colorless, but if starch sugar is present the liquid turns brown. A filtered solution of 33 grains cane or beet sugar in one ounce water, mixed with three grains pure caustic potassa, and then agitated with one and one-half grains sulphate of copper in close vessel, remains clear, even after the lapse of several days; but if starch sugar is present, a red precipitate is formed after some time, and if present in considerable quantity the copper will be wholly converted into oxide within 24 hours; the solution first turns blue or green, and then entirely loses its color.

A. E., Geneva, Va.: There is nothing in the story, so far as the Bureau knows.

A. E. M., Ferrell, Ill.:

Has there ever been an instance of a member of the electoral college voting contrary to his instructions?

No.

Sub., Harper, Iowa:

Please publish the names of the men that were killed in the Custer massacre.

Cannot find a list. There were about 300 whites engaged in the fight.

N. C. C., Wadestown, W. Va.:

1. Were the Federalists of Jefferson's administration in favor or making a kingdom out of the young Republic? 2. Have the Democrats a majority in the House at present?

1. No. 2. Yes.

A. N. P., Lais, Ky.:

1. Please give a description of the Isle of Madagascar. 2. To what country do the isles of Balearic belong?

1. Given recently. 2. They form an administrative province of Spain; capital, Palma.

X., Oberlin, O.:

Are all ex-soldiers entitled to scrip giving 160 acres of land? Is this transferable?

No; the time they have served is deducted from the time required of others, but they must remain on the land one year to receive a patent.

Sub., Phillipsburg, Pa.:

Was there ever a time when Pennsylvania could have been called a slave state, or when slavery could have existed in the state?

Pennsylvania had 3,737 slaves in 1790. In 1780 an act was passed providing for the gradual emancipation of her slaves, of whom 64 were still living as such as late as 1840.

L. S. H., Berryton, Ill.: The following gives the language of the various precious stones: Amethyst, peace of mind; diamond, pride; emerald, success in love; ruby, cheerful mind; sapphire, chastity; topaz, fidelity; turquois, success and happiness; opal, pure thoughts; pearl, purity and innocence; garnet, fidelity in every engagement; blood stone, I mourn your absence.

Reader, Shanesville, O.:

1. What acid is used to prevent the flesh from growing over the finger nails? 2. Is the writing an index of one's character?

1. Do not use acids. Keep the nails clean by the daily use of the nail brush and soap and water. After wiping the hands, but while they are still soft from the action of the water, gently push back the flesh. 2. Not always.

Sub., Wilber, Neb.:

Please give a short description of the British campaign in Spain which resulted in the death of Sir John Moore, and the year in which it occurred.

It was in 1808 that Moore was appointed to command an army in Spain, where, after a skillful and ardurous retreat before a superior force, he fell at the moment of victory, being struck by a musket ball on the ramparts walls of Corunna, January 16, 1809. The Bureau gave a detailed account of the campaign, several months ago.

Reader, Cherryville, Mo.:

Which is the most durable in a furnace after the fire, fire brick or tempered brick? 2. Where does Easter derive its Teutonic name?

1. Fire brick should be made of the most infusible clay, such as contain from 65 to 80 per cent. of silica, with from 15 to 20 per cent. of alumina, and the remainder water. 2. From the Teutonic goddess of spring, Ostera or Eastre, whose festival occurred about the same time of the year as the celebration of Easter.

D. R. V., Frazer, Pa.: To detect arsenic in colored paper, cut out a piece and boil it; then put it into a solution of ammonia. If arsenic be present, the liquid will assume a bluish color. In case a further test is required, pour a little of the ammoniacal solution into a test glass; if any arsenic is present, will show itself by leaving a yellow deposit on the crystals. As arsenic is used in coloring all qualities of paper, from the cheapest to the costliest, a knowledge of this test may be of service.

O. J. G., Peotone, Ill.:

I have read Alexander H. Stephens' work on state sovereignty and the right of secession, and cannot satisfactorily answer his arguments. I should like to read some other work. Which books must one read to get the best arguments for, and against, state sovereignty and the right of secession?

"American Politics," by Thomas V. Cooper, contains speeches by political leaders on all the great issues, besides being a complete tabulated history of American politics from the beginning up to 1882. Write to Brown, Eager & Hull, Toledo, O.

J. F. W., Laporte City, Ia.:

1. Are the patents on barbed wire still in force, or have they expired? Can barbed wire be manufactured without paying a royalty? 2. Give names of firms where barb wire material, or staywith wire is manufactured.

1. The owners of the barbed wire patents have formed a pool to fix prices and keep them up. The patents have not expired, and you could not manufacture without first getting permission and paying royalty. 2 We cannot give firm names in this column; that is advertising.

J. N. S.: Tremont, N. C.: A pound weight avoirdupois is the same in all countries, but all countries do not use the same standard or system of weights. In the metric system, which has been adopted by France, Holland, Belgium, Spain, Italy, Germany, Brazil, Mexico, and some other countries, the unit of weight is the kilogramme, which is a little more than two pounds avoirdupois. The pfund of Austria, and pund of Denmark, are each a little heavier than a pound of avoirdupois; the funte, of Russia, and the skalpund, of Sweden, are each a traction lighter.

D. S. N., Hinesville, O.: The Victoria regia lily, though extraordinary for size, is not the largest known flower. The gigantic flower of the rafflesia, called by botanists amorphallus titanum, is considerably larger. From a tuber five feet and more in circumference grow leaves on footstalks ten feet in length, and covering an area of about fifty feet in circumference. The spadix of the flower is three feet in diameter, bell-shaped, with edges fantastically toothed and crumpled, and colored a greenish tint on the inside and a rich metallic brown on the outside. From the midst rises a central column six feet in height, and stout in proportion.

Dora, Black Oak, Ala.:

Please give a sketch of the life of "Fanny Fern."

She was born in Portland, Me., July 7, 1811, and was a sister of N. P. Willis, the well known poet and journalist. She was for several years the wife of Charles H. Eldridge, of Boston, but being left without means by his death, she at last ventured upon a literary line. Her first essay was disposed of with difficulty for half a dollar, but before long her fame was made, her books sold by thousands of copies, and she was eagerly sought after by the publishers of the press. Her life from this time on was taken up with this work. In January, 1856, she became the wife of James Parton, also a distinguished writer. She died October 10, 1872.

E. R., Maitland, N. Y.:

Who organized the first Sunday school? When and where?

The earliest recorded Sunday schools were the schools of catechumens, organized, according to Tertullian, A. D. 200. In the primitive church, however, Sunday schools in Mission countries were also known, and formal instruction of Christian children and noviates prevailed earlier. In 1527 Luther established Sunday schools in Wittenberg for the instruction of children who could not attend the day schools. Modern Sunday schools, however, were originated by Robert Raikes, in Gloucester, England, in 1781, who gathered the poor children from the streets and employed female teachers at a shilling a day for their instruction.

H. N. S., Packwood, Ia.:

What style of dress prevailed in England from 1399 to 1485?

The dress of this period was characterized by what appears to the present day very eccentric fashions. The men wore long-pointed shoes, which were obliged to be fastened to the knees, before the wearer could attempt to walk. Velvet and satin mantles were also worn, punctured with innumerable small eyelet-holes, from each of which a needle hung suspended by a silken thread. Females also indulged in the same ridiculous excess of dress, especially in the article of head-dresses, which were sometimes made to extend nine feet high, and could with difficulty pass through an ordinary door. To support these head-dresses, two large horns were fixed beneath, bending upwards, on which many folds of ribbon and other ornaments were suspended. From the top of the horn, on the right side, a streamer of silk or some other light fabric was hung, which was sometimes allowed to fly loose, and sometimes brought over the bosom, and wrapped about the left arm.

Tired. Languid. Dull.

Exactly expresses the condition of thousands of people at this season. The depressing effects of warm weather, and the weak condition of the body, can only be corrected by the use of a reliable tonic and blood purifier like Hood's Sarsaparilla. Why suffer longer when a remedy is so close at hand? Take Hood's Sarsaparilla now. It will give you untold wealth in health, strength and energy.

Sat Down on a Hot Geyser.

People should be careful where they stand while these geysers are going off. I saw ladies and gentlemen so overpowered unexpectedly on an island rock, on which they had to remain until the overflow had subsided. There is no accurate reckoning on the time when a geyser will discharge. Most of the places give premonitory warning, but there are some which do not. Grave and reverend seigniors of our party crowded through holes in one of the curiously formed craters. They got into them without the knowledge of the guides, who went wild with terror when their attention was called to this temerity, and said no money would have tempted them to take such a risk. There was no stated period for the eruption here, and it comes as quick as a flash. In a very few minutes scalding water was spirting from it in every direction. There is a story told of an Englishman who came out with Rufus Hatch's party, and who, having dined heavily, became very "tired." He sat down on a geyser, unobserved, to rest, and there got to sleep. His dreams were rudely disturbed. It, fortunately, was a small one, and he got away in time to save his life, if not having been attacked in a vital part; but it was observed that he did not sit down again, anywhere, for several days. A sadder story is that of a poor dog which saw a stick thrown into one of the still-looking basins, and dashed after it. He died instantly and without a struggle.—*Yellowstone Park letter.*

FITS: All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Doctors Prescribe

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, for three reasons:—it is perfectly safe for old or young,—can be relied upon in cases of emergency,—and possesses great curative powers.

I consider Ayer's Cherry Pectoral a medical success and a chemical triumph. I have found this medicine a powerful specific for Colds, Coughs, and Pulmonary Complaints. I use it in my own family and recommend it in my practice.—Parker Cleveland, M. D., Prof. of Chemistry and Materia Medica, Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is an invaluable remedy for Colds, Coughs, and all Pulmonary diseases. I use it myself and prescribe it in my practice.—A. S. Pettenger, M. D., Glen Gardner, N. J.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

What the Ladies are Wearing—A Collation of the Leading Fancies in Warm Weather Costumes, Prepared for Blade Readers.

White woolen costumes at the seashore or in the mountains are popular, sometimes combined with satin or surah. In the fashionable watering places, white serge and etamine are most favored. They are tailor-made, and very plain.

White and other thin summer fabrics are exhibited in great variety this season. Many of them are most elaborately trimmed. An inexpensive costume of this kind is made of white lawn, with embroidered sleeves, three tucked flounces, edged with deep embroidery, basque edged in the same way, showing a pleated vest and embroidery in the front.

Other models are made with basque waist finished with tucks, the front and sleeves to match, the overskirt tucked almost to the waist, and the underskirt showing a few narrow tucks at the bottom. The fact of Mrs Cleveland's having worn a rather plain white gown at the wedding has made white costumes very popular, even on occasions of ceremony.

For evening dresses, striped gauzes are shown, the grounds being pale cream color, pale pink or blue, and the stripes of several colors.

Some very pretty foulard dresses are shown. The bodice is plain at the back and sides—pleaded in the shape of a plastron in front. They are made with a second skirt, open in the shape of an arch in front and pleated so as to form a sort of drapery, but not looped up.

Next traveling dresses are made of soft, smooth woolen materials. The ulster, also, is not out of favor. It covers the figure like a glove, and looks serviceable.

One afternoon toilet worn by a prominent society lady here, is of white Porchon lace, made in a polonaise and drapery over a petticoat of watered silk, and worn with a long sash of watered silk and a broad brimmed hat of white Leghorn.

An extremely pretty toilet for young ladies is shown in cream colored lace over surah. A light straw bonnet trimmed in cream ostrich tips, and cream satin parasol, complete this charming costume.

A new gown imported from Paris and made by Rodrigue, has the skirt of rich white satin covered with green silk oakleaves festooned upon it with little lead acorns—a very pretty idea. The bodice, cut to show the neck and arms, is made in Zouave fashion, and over it is a Breton point lace polonaise. The slippers and gloves are made to match this beautiful and unique costume, the latter being tan-colored, and reaching far up to the arm.

A cheap but very pretty and graceful lawn dress is made with full skirt, plain, or trimmed with two ruffles, the bodice being made rather loose, with sleeves flowing at the wrist.

Redfern is engaged in making several frocks for the young princesses of Wales. They are in fawn and white striped material, made with pleated waistcoats and long draperies, over plain skirts.

The favorite gauntlet this season for all toilettes is ribbon, arranged in knots and bows of all kinds. Plush ribbons of a solid cover on one side, have the other side in gay Roman stripes; velvet ribbons are seen with scalloped edges.

A beautiful dress is shown in light foulard, trimmed with Egyptian lace and ornamented with dark garnet satin ribbon bows.

Tailor-made dresses, which have become so extremely popular, are made in striped goods for autumn wear. Stripes also prevail in all the new silk goods.

In hats, high crowns are in favor with young ladies, turned up on one side and trimed with crepe lisse, flowers and ribbons. A very pretty one is of delicate fawn straw, faced with garnet velvet, and trimmed with fawn color. A similar hat is of white straw, faced with cerise and trimmed with a graceful cluster of buttercups and pink colors. Sailor hats are much called for. One has the brim faced with black velvet, while around the crown a band of the same is drawn.

It seems that it is now proper, instead of presenting your friends with bouquets, to send them potted plants. For this purpose peaches, primroses, tulips, palms and chrysanthemums are chosen. In some cases the pots are daintily trimmed with pretty cambric or chintz dresses and with bright colored ribbons tied around them. The idea is a pretty one, and will probably find favor.

For summer hosiery, bronze silk stockings are popular, together with chessboard patterns, pale-green and navy blue. Prettily dotted and embroidered hose are also worn.

A curious novelty is an umbrella intended for traveling, in the handle of which is a long narrow bottle of *eau de Cologne* and a cleverly concealed, yet handy and miniature mirror are likewise carried in this convenient traveling companion.

A parasol recently seen in the hand of a prominent young lady in society here, was a fawn crepe, over a lining of rich deep wine color, and edged with cream lace. A long handle of white wood supported this dainty sun-shade.

A Persistent Little Girl.

In a horse-car coming from the west end of the town yesterday afternoon, a little girl, seven years of age, displayed no end of persistent tenacity of purpose. A young lady, the daughter of a West Side manufacturer, as she passed out of the car, dropped her purse containing quite a sum of money. The little girl saw the purse fall, and also witnessed a man in the car as he picked it up. She stepped up to him and said: "That purse belongs to that lady who went out of the car." The man took no attention to her. Then she reiterated her assertion, and the man told her to shut up. Failing to make the man acknowledge that he had the purse, the child next appealed to several gentlemen in the car who became interested in the case. They demanded the giving up of the purse to the driver, but the man asserted that he had no purse. Still the child repeated the assertion that she saw him put it in his pocket. Finally through threats of arrest the man pulled the purse from his pocket, threw it on the seat, and hastily left the car.—*Bridgeport News.*

The Man She Wanted.

A Roman millionaire's son desired to travel around the world. His mother was very anxious to secure a safe traveling companion for him, and advertised for one. Of the numberless applicants three were taken into consideration and invited to discuss the final arrangements. When they had passed a merry time over dinner, the lady suddenly threw herself on her knees before her husband, crying out: "I am a miserable wretch. Despair has made me a murderess. The pineapple cream is poisoned. You have all to die." One of the young men began to lament his sad fate, the second one remained sitting on his chair like one turned to stone with fright, and the third one ran to the door, calling out: "There is an antidote for every poison. I will run to the doctor." The signora stopped him on the threshold, saying: "The story is invented. I see you have presence of mind. You shall accompany my dear child." So runs the story.

Origin of the Plug Hat.

It is a curious fact unknown to the vast majority of people that the first silk hat was either the first or second part of clothing ever made of silk. It was first worn fifty years ago; that, like so many other articles which are common and of every-day use, it was of Chinese origin. The story runs that a French sea captain on the coast of China, desiring to have his shabby beaver hat replaced by a new one, took it ashore, and as they had not the material they made a silk one instead. This, it appears, happened in 1832, and he carried the hat to Paris the same year. Here it was immediately copied, and in a few years became a regular style.

A diminutive kerchief of finest French cambric bordered in pale mauve, ciel blue, eglantine pink or canary color, daintily edged with a narrow frill of real valenciennes lace, and tucked into the waistcoat pocket, with a bit of the ruffle showing above the very wide pocket flaps, is a pretty English caprice.

AMAZING DISCOVERY.

Food in Very Small Compass—A Saxon Condenses Meats, Vegetables, Flour, Etc., So That a Teaspoonful is Equal to Two Days Food in Bulk—He Thinks People May Now Live Two or Three Hundred Years.

A gentleman who for many years has devoted much attention to scientific subjects met a reporter of the BLADE on Summit street yesterday, and remarked that he was greatly interested in the article on aluminum. "Among all the metals known to metallurgic science, none will take a higher rank for utility in the department of fine arts than this remarkable metal. In the scientific pursuits nothing has been produced that will cause so great a revolution in most things to which metal is applied as aluminum.

"But," said he, "while this metal is attracting almost universal attention, I believe a greater discovery has been made in the province of chemistry, and is so amazing as to bewilder the senses when it is considered to what extent researchican be carried. It is astonishing to know that an ounce of grayish looking opaque semi-liquid matter can be produced from which man will derive the same sustenance as several pounds of flour, vegetables, meats or fruit. Yet I am fully convinced that this is an established fact that will soon be proven to the world."

"And who has the honor of making this startling discovery?"

"His name is Wilhelm von Schlacter, a Saxon, who for fifteen years studied chemistry in his native country, Austria and France. His diplomas show that he has graduated with high honors from three different colleges. He has made the condensing of food a life's study, and it was here in Toledo that he accomplished the object of his studies. Broken in health, he came to America, hoping to be bettered. He has a laboratory in a room in the block across the street. Come with me, and I will introduce you to him. I made his acquaintance in France. He is opposed to the public knowing his location, as he is nervous, and visitors annoy him."

The room was soon reached, and on entering the reporter was introduced to a man of unmistakeable Saxon birth—a blonde, with flaxen hair, mild blue eyes and broad forehead. He had a pale look, but seemed quite cheerful. He was asked if he had any objection to giving information regarding his discovery.

"None whatever," said he; "but it would take a long time to explain everything to you. To be as brief as possible, there are four great elements in nature—oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen and carbon. Science terms mineralogy and geology inorganic, and zoology organic. The difference between the two are: Inorganic bodies increase by the addition of particles outside, while organic bodies grow by the receiving and assimilation of matter into the interior. Most substances found in plants—starch, sugar, etc.—are composed of carbon, oxygen and hydrogen, while the animal kingdom is composed of oxygen, carbon, hydrogen and nitrogen. All these are found in man, and in combination make up the composition of man—bone, gland, cellular texture, adipose tissue and mucous membrane.

"The alimentary canal in man is an active scene of minute division. When food is placed in the mouth it is acted upon by forces that break it up into infinitesimal particles, and the work is continued along the whole of the digestive tract. Some of the forces are mechanical, others chemical. The former grinds and minces; by the latter, the molecules are reduced to liquid. It is a process of solution and division. These forces also bear upon the food in succeeding districts. What the mouth fails to digest, the stomach attacks, and what the stomach leaves becomes a prey to the intestines. Digestion begins in the mouth, continues in the stomach and intestines, and the particles pass through the minute openings in certain parts of the intestinal wall, so small as only to be seen by a powerful microscope. Mastication is the natural method of mincing meat, and as the act of chewing proceeds, the saliva from the secretive glands flows into the mouth, strained from the blood, and saturates the food and stimulates the stomach to emit the secretion known as gastric juice. Saliva is an alkaline fluid, and there is a constant play between acids and alkalies.

"To be more explicit, gastric juice converts food in the stomach into chyme; this chyme passes into the small intestines, where it is acted upon by the bile secreted by the liver, and the pancreatic juice produced by another gland called the pancreas. The function of the saliva is to digest starch. The special function of the pancreatic juice is to digest nitrogenous elements of the food. By these fluids chyme is changed into a milky substance called chyle, which is conveyed to the blood vessels by the lacteal tubes.

"Now, you see the fact of nature working harmoniously to dispense the food taken in the mouth to all parts of the body. But nature is taxed beyond her powers time and again by almost indigestible food that it is impossible for the pleptic glands to reduce to chyme. I assert that six-tenths of all the people who have died have died their lives through disarrangement to the system by eating substances that cannot be properly digested. I determined to see if the elements that compose the food of man, meat, vegetables, etc., could not be stripped of the

TOLEDO BLADE.

Cheapest Paper in the World! Largest and Best Weekly Published!

TOLEDO BLADE Co., Publishers. D. R. LOCKE, Editor.

TERMS—Postage Paid:

Single copy, one year, $1.00; Six months, 60 cents; Three months, 30 cents; Clubs of 6, one year, $5. EVERY SIXTH COPY FREE, or for a less number than six, the agent may retain 10 per cent. commission in cash.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free, to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

☞ ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER.

Circulation Last Week, 115,000.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THE reports from business centers all show a general improvement. The sober, simple fact is, we are on the edge of the good times for which we have longed for so many years. Everything points that way, and there are no factors apparent which can seriously disturb the rising tide of trade and industry.

THE drouth conditions which have prevailed for some time over great areas of the Southwest and West have been broken by timely rains within the past few days, and the total damage will not be so great as was feared. Cotton is in good condition, the corn belt is doing fairly, but hay is seriously injured by dry weather.

CONGRESS will probably adjourn early next week.

ACCORDING to the Postmaster General, the two cent letter rate has proved an immense success in a financial point of view. He should now go to work and secure a one cent rate for city drop letters. It would give him a boom with business men everywhere.

IT is now said that Public Printer ROUNDS will resign before Congress adjourns, and thus give some hungry and thirsty Bourbon a chance.

THE Ways and Means committee have reported Mr. HEWITT'S resolution calling upon the President for additional information in regard to the Mexican reciprocity treaty, the object being to bring out reports favorable to the treaty recently made by our diplomatic and consular representative in Mexico, to be used next session, in an attempt to secure the legislation necessary to carry the treaty into effect.

WORD comes from Washington that the Payne case is not ended, that measures will be taken to have a grand jury in Columbus investigate the frauds, and that more men than the PAYNES will be made to suffer.

HON. JOE MCDONALD, of Indiana, rises to remark that there are to be no changes in CLEVELAND'S cabinet, and particularly that GARLAND is to remain—that he will not resign (everybody knew that, however: GARLAND has the only national position he will ever hold in this country) nor will he be removed. Well, if CLEVELAND can stand it, the people can. But all the same the stubborness with which the President has kept in office a man who has disgraced his administration, will be remembered both against him and his party at the polls.

THE department has added 453 post-offices to the list of money-order offices, the business of that number having increased during the year so as to come within the provisions of the law authorizing the establishment of money-order offices.

IT is said that the Senate will pass upon all having nominations for office before it adjourns, and furthermore, that the President will reappoint all nominees whose chances of confirmation have not fled entirely.

SEN. BLAIR has an amendment to the Morrison surplus resolution, which he will endeavor to have passed by the Senate, which provides that before the payment of any part of the surplus there shall be reserved and set apart the sum of $97,000,000, to be known as the Common School Fund, which shall be paid out from year to year as provided in the Blair Educational bill. The amendment contains all the other provisions of the Blair bill.

THE Fortifications bill, as it passed the House, appropriates $620,000, to be expended as follows: $100,000 for the protection, preservation and repair of fortifications and other works of defense; $20,000 for the continuation of torpedo experiments and for practical instruction of engineer troops in the details of service, and $500,000 for the armament of seacoast fortifications, with a provision that the implements of war purchased from this appropriation shall be of American manufacture.

THE committee on Education and Labor of the United States Senate has reported favorably on the joint resolution providing for an amendment to the federal constitution forbidding the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors or other poisonous beverages within the United States, shall be submitted to the legislatures of the states for ratification. This proposed amendment provides that from and after the year 1900—which is 14 years from this date—the manufacture, importation or sale of distilled alcoholic intoxicating liquors, except for medicinal, mechanical, chemical and scientific purposes, and for use in the arts, shall cease. The report which accompanied proposed amendment says the committee does not deem it necessary to discuss the evils of the use of alcohol, but believe people have a right to decide what measures shall be taken for the regulation or extirpation of the traffic.

ON Tuesday, August 3, the California legislature will elect a successor to Mr. HEARST, to fill the unexpired term of Sen. MILLER, up to March 4 next.

GOV. WEST, of Utah, has issued a proclamation warning the Mormons against their proselyting endeavors, in which there has as yet been no abatement, on the ground that the proselytes are taught to become law breakers; and also warning all well disposed persons from associating themselves with any persons or organization for the purpose of emigrating to Utah to enter into any marriage relation other than that sanctioned by law. Now, if he will enforce this excellent warning to the fullest extent, he will accomplish something. But it is a falling of the President and his Democratic appointees generally to proclaim one thing on paper and then do another. As LINCOLN once said in a story which he told on being asked his opinion of MCCLELLAN, "They're h— on the dress parade, but when it comes to fighting, they're not there."

THE Sundry Civil Service appropriations bill has passed the United States Senate. The most important measure to the country at large embraced in it is the provision for the issuing of silver certificates in denominations of $1, $2 and $5. The clause authorizing this issue is as follows:

> And the secretary of the Treasury is hereby authorized and required to issue silver certificates in denominations of $1, $2 and $5; and the silver certificates herein authorized shall be receivable, redeemable and payable in like manner and for like purposes as is provided for silver certificates by the act of February 28, 1878, entitled, "An act to authorize the coinage of the standard silver dollar and to restore its legal tender character," provided, that said denominations of $1, $2 and $5 may be issued in lieu of silver certificates of larger denominations in the treasury, and to that extent said certificates of larger denominations shall be canceled or destroyed.

That is, small notes are to be issued instead of silver certificates of larger denominations, the latter being cancelled. Several efforts were made to have these small-denomination certificates issue cover all the surplus silver dollars in the treasury, and to compel government expenditures to be paid in them, but these propositions were voted down. The House will undoubtedly concur in the amended form of the proposition, and it become a law, thus putting an end to the scarcity of small bills.

THE Savannah *News* says that the Prohibitionists of Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi have agreed, with a few individual exceptions, to stand by the local option schedule, and to keep the great moral and social issue of the day as free as possible from political complications.

THE state campaign now in progress in New Jersey is developing some interesting features. The Prohibitionists have nominated for governor Gen. CLINTON B. FISK, heretofore a stalwart Republican, an able man, enjoying the confidence of the voters. There are indications that the Republicans will make him their candidate without making an alliance with his present support. This will encourage the Democrats to throw out a bait for the saloon Republicans, and possibly such a movement would induce anti-saloon Democrats, of whom there are many in New Jersey, to vote for Gen. FISK. There is therefore a possibility—not to say probability—of a square fight between the saloon interest and the friends of temperance; and if it comes it will be watched with interest by the whole country.

ATTORNEY GENERAL GARLAND proposes to take a vacation of two months. It is to be hoped that this is but a prelude to his retirement from the position he has disgraced. It is said there is strong pressure brought to bear upon CLEVELAND from the South for GARLAND'S retention, though the Democratic leaders of the North understand that great injury is being done by keeping him in the Cabinet. There is no argument possible in the case. GARLAND prostituted his official position to private ends of himself and his Pan-Electric associates, and there is but one way of dealing with it—to dismiss GARLAND in disgrace.

THE enormous fire losses of the past few months have led the New York *Bulletin* to suggest that a coroner's inquest should be held on the origin of every fire. As the majority are either traceable to carelessness or incendiarism, the suggestion is a good one. Arson should be investigated and punished, and carelessness should be made too costly for people to indulge in.

THE resignation of Mr. GLADSTONE on last Wednesday was followed at once by a summons from the Queen to the Marquis of SALISBURY to form a ministry, and he arrived in London from France on Saturday. It is his earnest desire to persuade Lord HARTINGTON to unite with him in forming a coalition ministry but the latter has so far persistently declined. It is probable, however, that continued urgent solicitations joined to the Queen's expressed wish may finally induce him to change his determination. The prospect of a coalition ministry has caused intense excitement in London.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL is now spoken of as the minister of Foreign Affairs in the new Tory ministry, which shows that he has won a place for himself as a statesman in the estimation of the English people, notwithstanding the fact that he does not seem to possess the qualities necessary to fill the British foreign office successfully. In the Indian office, however, he did remarkably well, and it is not at all improbable that he may be equally skilful in the general management of foreign affairs.

AFTER frequent consultations the Liberal leaders have resolved upon a policy of waiting, and will make no serious effort to disturb the Conservative ministry this year. Mr. GLADSTONE will retire quietly to Hawarden to rest, and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT will act as leader for ordinary purposes. Mr. GLADSTONE will renounce none of his authority, and will appear whenever his friends think he is needed. The Parnellites, too, will probably remain quiet. The alliance with the Liberals seems to be closer than ever, and while defeat has not weakened the confidence of either in the ultimate success of their cause, they feel that their best policy is in continued co-operation and in waiting.

LORD ABERDEEN, the outgoing secretary of Ireland, has done what no other before him has been able to accomplish: He has satisfied not only the Irish Tories in Dublin, but the Parnellites, also, whose journals are full of praises for both himself and his wife. One of the leading Tory editors says that the Irish people would be glad to see them remain, as they have done more than any of their predecessors to conquer prejudices, and induce good feeling in all classes. He also says that Lord ABERDEEN'S administration shows that the feeling between the two countries is not irreconcilable. Lord CHARLES BERESFORD is spoken of as the new Irish Secretary.

THE trial of Sir CHARLES DILKE in the Courts of London simply opened anew the flood gates of nastiness that overwhelmed the country at the first trial, and has done nothing to reinstate him in public estimation. On the contrary, it has left a blacker stain upon him, for the jury, in the face of his emphatic denial of the charges, which he had not before made, brought in a verdict of guilty after a very few moments of consultation, and the public generally agrees with the verdict. This will, of course, end the matter so far as he is concerned, and it effectually puts an end to his public life. Regret that so brilliant a man, one so well fitted for the highest public career, should have brought ruin upon himself by his own misdoings, is universal. There is little question but for this, that he would have succeeded Mr. GLADSTONE as the leader of the Liberal party. His whole life had been one of training for political success, and his knowledge of men and things both in his own country and in others, was thorough. History fails to furnish an example of a sadder and more terrible fall from a splendid position than this one.

Ify his sins have found him out. He leaves England permanently and will hereafter reside in France.

WHILE in many parts of the United States the drouth is causing a great injury to the crops, a pitiful tale is told of the great destitution prevailing in Labrador and Newfoundland among the fishermen, of whom 150 are dead, and 2,500 on the verge of starvation. The cause is the failure of the ice to break up as usual, thus preventing any fishing. An appeal for assistance has been made to the Dominion government.

GREAT suffering is reported to exist along the northeast coast of Labrador. For 300 miles off the coast the ice is firm, thus preventing fishing and causing intense cold. The fish-oil works are all idle, and the stored oil is being used for fuel.

THE United States consul at Kanagawa, Japan, has cabled the State department that cholera is epidemic at that point.

A NEW gold field has been discovered in the northern portion of Western Australia, which covers an area of over 4,000 square miles. An enormous rush of diggers has begun, and it may be that the world's supply of gold will be so augmented as to render the establishment of a bimetallic international ratio an easy task.

THE SALOON IN POLITICS.

The Rum Power is a practical conspiracy to control the nation. It invades the home, and compels women and children to dwell in destitution that its minions may be clothed in purple and fine linen. It throws up its ramparts against Christianity, and declares that the day of rest shall be turned into a holiday, that it shall become a day of general beer guzzling and whisky drinking, a weekly festival in honor of Rum. It insinuatingly enters society, and lays down the law of fashion that wine shall be upon the dinner tables of the well-to-do class. And it strides into the political arena, demanding of political parties that no man shall be put into office, whether executive, judicial or legislative, who will lift his hand to curb it in its march of conquest. Its ultimate aim is universal dominion. A state of society in which all mankind are habitual drinkers, and wherein the manufacture and sale of Rum is as free and unchecked as the manufacture and sale of bread, is its ideal. Practically, that is what it demands.

So far has its work progressed that the Rum Power, through its right hand, the Saloon, is a recognized factor in politics. Especially is this true in our larger cities. Political caucuses are held in saloons. The polling places of precincts are often in saloons. The saloonist himself is a worker at the polls, and his candidate is always a man who is the practical slave of the saloon interest—which is but another name for the Rum Power. More than this, the men who make and sell Rum have no politics. They throw their power and influence for the candidates who can be depended upon to see that the interests of Rum do not suffer, and against every respectable candidate who has the manhood to declare that he is opposed to the tyrannical sway of this infernal despotism. Thus are silenced the voices of good men, in their hearts enemies of Rum, but who have an honest political ambition which they know would be fruitless did they dare proclaim their real sentiments. They are cowards in the presence of this all-pervading demon of Rum.

Thus it is that our municipal councils, our legislatures, are so reluctant to legislate against the evils of Rum, and to attempt to control the Rum interest. There are members—too many—in any one of these who know they would meet with defeat at the polls the next time they came up for office, if they dared to take any such step. Saloons defy the Sunday laws, and the ordinances requiring closing at certain hours, with impunity, for in every city a great portion of the police force are either the creatures of the Rum Power, who owe their positions to the saloon influence, or who know that they would be deposed on some pretext did they dare attempt to enforce these laws and ordinances. Too often police boards, police judges and magistrates are men of the same sort—either the tools of the saloon interest, or dependent upon its favor for their retention in office—and they neither dare compel the observance of the restrictive laws nor punish the friends of a saloonist, who may have been outraging decency and public order during a debauch. Any city in the land will furnish instances in plenty.

Practically, then, the saloon has entered politics. It has laid its paralyzing touch upon the executive officers of the law, and has immunity from punishment in its transgressions. It holds up its finger warningly, and the law-makers tremble, and dare not do their duty to the people in setting bounds to its steady encroachments. It dominates caucuses, and its besotted slaves rush to the polls and cast their votes in blind obedience to its behests. And in all the greater law-making bodies of our land—in the state legislatures and even in Congress itself—its power is feared, and men shrink from setting themselves in direct opposition to its desires; for official terms will expire, and they are, as a rule, anxious for a renomination and re-election at the hands of their party—and they well know the power the saloon has in caucuses and primary elections, the choice of delegates to conventions, the nomination of candidates, and, lastly, at the election polls. There are few men, of the average run of legislative members and Congressmen, who are strong enough to successfully defy the Rum Power.

Enormous as is the influence of the saloon in politics, it has been attained very quietly. Men obnoxious to the Rum Power have been politically killed by secret manipulation of primary meetings and of nominating conventions rather than by active, open opposition, in a fair fight at the polls. The Rum Power knows that it is not respectable; it knows that to-day its only security lies in the carelessness of the great mass of the American people. They are too deeply engrossed in the pursuits of business to stop and consider the magnitude of the evils that flow from Rum, and making every Rum hole a veritable gateway of hell. Could the full attention of the American people be brought at once to a realization of the horrible waste of life and health and money that Rum causes to this land every year, the nation would rise *en masse* and wipe the traffic from the face of the earth.

But alas! Nothing but a miracle can accomplish such an universal enlightenment. The work is progressing—slowly, it seems to us who are laboring to accomplish it; but steadily. Each year sees a gain in public sentiment against the Rum Power. Lately the tide has been rising faster, as the gains in Prohibition in the South show. Now the East is becoming agitated upon the subject, and that agitation, in the absence of complete enlightenment of the great mass of the people, is taking the form of strenuous opposition to the saloon, on the ground of its baleful influence in politics.

While we would gladly see the manufacture and sale of Rum utterly destroyed at once and forever, yet we recognize that this glorious end must be achieved by slow and painful steps. No great moral reform is accomplished by one blow. It is always accomplished by degrees; and this must be the case with the work of pulverizing the Rum Power. The destruction of the saloon, because of its offensive dictation in politics, because it is the nursery of profligacy, debauchery, vice and crime, is naturally an initial step.

It is a step, but it is a long one—a vast stride, rather. With the abolition of the saloon, drinking will be largely reduced; for it is a fact that a vast number of men drink only because of temptation and opportunity. The saloon is everywhere. On every square of the city, on the single street of the rambling country village, its open doors are a constant temptation, and its presence affords constant opportunity for drinking. The political influence of the Rum Power will be broken, its reign over caucuses and conventions will be at an end. The saloon is a public enemy, and to crush it is the first great step in the effort to

Pulverize the Rum Power!

IT will take a change of but nineteen members of the House to put the Republicans in control of the Fiftieth Congress, and we have much faith that this change can and will be brought about at the fall election. The redistricting of Ohio gives the Republicans four more seats, and there are good grounds for believing we will gain two or three in Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, one or two in Illinois, one in Pennsylvania, two in Massachusetts, one in Connecticut and two in New York. The utter lack of business sense displayed by the Bourbon majority at this session has disgusted the nation, and it is ready to change.

THE NEXT SENATE.

Twenty-five Senatorial terms expire on March 4, 1887. Of these, Sens. ALDRICH, of Rhode Island, GEORGE, of Mississippi, GORMAN, of Maryland, and SHERMAN, of Ohio, have been re-elected, and Mr. DANIEL has been chosed to succeed MAHONE from Virginia. The remaining twenty whose seats are to be filled are:

Edmunds, of Vermont; Hawley, of Connecticut; Camden, of West Virginia; Gray, of Delaware; Jones, of Florida; Sawyer, of Wisconsin; Harrison, of Indiana; Hale, of Maine; Dawes, of Massachusetts; Conger, of Michigan; McMillan, of Minnesota; Cockrell, of Missouri; Van Wyck, of Nebraska; Sewell, of New Jersey; Miller, of New York; Mitchell, of Pennsylvania; Maxey, of Texas, and Fair, of Nevada; Whitthorne, of Tennessee, and Hearst, of California.

Of these, EDMUNDS and HAWLEY will be their own successors. Mr. CAMDEN will have much opposition in his own party; besides the Democratic majority in the present West Virginia legislature is small, and the November elections may give control to the Republicans, in which case Mr. GOFF would most likely be the next Senator from the Mountain state. GRAY will succeed himself unless BAYARD, who carries the Delaware Democrats in his breeches pocket, should conclude to put some other puppet in his place.

JONES, of Florida, will be remembered as the gentleman who has entirely neglected his senatorial duties this session to hang about Detroit hotels, nursing a hopeless passion for Miss PALMS, of that city, who very properly will have nothing to do with him. He will of course not be re-elected. Three or four Bourbons will be candidates for his seat, and his successor will of course be a Democrat. SAWYER, of Wisconsin, will doubtless succeed himself. There are some Democrats so sanguine as to think his state will elect a Democratic legislature this fall, but it is a possibility merely, not a probability. Should it happen, however, Sec. VILAS and Rep. BRAGG would have a grand hair-pulling match for his seat.

Messrs. HALE and DAWES will without doubt again be re-elected. For Mr. CONGER'S seat there will be a tussle, as Gov. ALGER and Rep. BURROWS both have the senatorial bee in their bonnets. However, CONGER is popular with his people and the chances are in his favor. MCMILLAN and COCKRELL have the chances in their favor for re-election from their respective states, while Mr. VAN WYCK, of Nebraska, will have strong opposition, as there are a number of gentlemen in the state who wish the position. His enmity to railroad monopolies will make him enemies with that interest, but will give him much power among the masses.

New Jersey's political complexion this fall is quite uncertain. If the Republicans carry it, Mr. SEWELL will succeed himself. Should the Bourbons triumph, it is impossible to name his probable successor. The struggle in New York possesses the greatest interest of all. WARNER MILLER is a candidate for re-election, but there are several Republicans who are named as candidates, the most prominent of whom is IRA DAVENPORT. At all events the place will be filled by a Republican. Sen. MITCHELL will have several opponents in Pennsylvania, the most prominent being Col. QUAY.

MAXEY, of Texas, will have much opposition to encounter in his effort to return to the Senate, and in Nevada there is no doubt that FAIR will be retired and a Republican succeed him. In California the Republicans have full confidence they will carry the legislature and send a Republican to succeed HEARST. In Tennessee, the fight will be between WHITTHORNE and BATE, with a chance for a Republican legislature and a blasting of the hopes of both these gentlemen.

THE NEW EXTRADITION TREATY.

The United States Senate now has before it the amended extradition treaty between this country and Great Britain, which was signed by Lord ROSEBERY and Minister PHELPS on June 25. This new instrument extends the provisions of article 10 of the treaty of 1842 to four crimes not therein named, as follows: Manslaughter, burglary, embezzlement or larceny, involving the amount of $50 or over, and malicious injury to property whereby the life of any person shall be endangered, if such injury constitute a crime according to the laws of both countries. It also provides that the provisions of article 1 shall apply to persons convicted of the crimes named in the treaty of 1842 and the new convention, as well as to those charged before trial with the commission of them.

This treaty is not to be retroactive, so that the United States embezzlers who have fled to Canada, and the British dynamiters who have fled to the United States are safe from its operations. But hereafter thieves and embezzlers, and the rascals who use dynamite to the peril of life, will not be secure from arrest, and from trial where the offense is committed. The treaty carefully guards against extradition of persons accused of political offenses, and there is no room for misinterpretation on this point. The treaty is no more leveled at socialists than it is at bank presidents, but at criminals who are such by all civilized law. The treaty ought to have been extended to its present limits many years ago. Such an extension would have prevented emigration to Canada, and would have made the United States a less safe harbor for murderers. The Senate should promptly give its assent, and not allow the treaty to lie over until next December.

THE Democratic Congressional campaign committee is having a terrible time in getting material for the coming campaign, which shall show the people that the Democratic promise of "economy" of two years ago has been carried out by the administration. Of course everybody knows that Congress has made no record in this direction. So the committee has made a call upon the various heads of departments to show what has been done by the new administration, "in the interest of economy and reform," which call has resulted in a very full set of replies. Great credit is claimed for reductions of force here and there, but the average of reforms consists mainly of a system of cheese parings. The committee proposes to make a spread of literature of this sort, but thus far they are greatly discouraged over a lack of funds. No one as yet has come forward with contributions, and the necessary clerks have not been engaged, because there is no money to pay them.

THE attitude of the Democratic press at present, when contrasted with their utterances in the past, is most ludicrous. For years they have denounced the Republican party for keeping a surplus in the treasury vaults. Now that Congress has resolved that this surplus shall be applied towards the reduction of the public debt, these same organs come out with long articles remonstrating against a scheme "so vicious and so antagonistic to sound public policy." Cries of "You are censuring the administration," "It will compel Sec. MANNING'S retirement," etc., ring out from all sides; and this in the face of the fact that the party firmly bound itself by its last national platform, to whose principles CLEVELAND is supposed to have subscribed, to do away with the surplus of more than $100,000,000, "which had been wrung from a long suffering people."

THE New York *Jurist* publishes the legal opinions of 52 prominent members of the New York bar, whose views the woman's suffrage party have obtained on the claim that women are debarred by the state constitution from voting. These gentlemen indorse HAMILTON WILCOX'S legal work, entitled: "The Legislature's Power Over Suffrage," and concur with his opinion that there is no legal foundation for the claim that the constitution disfranchises women.

AN AGE OF INVENTIONS.

This is an age of wonderful inventions. Something new under the sun for the convenience or pleasure of mankind is being constantly discovered or worked out by busy brains, until it seems as if there were no limits to what may be accomplished. Few people realize what has been done within the last 25 years, and what a wide difference there is between the then and now. Novel things have come along one after the other, forming a string of jewels, a realization of the value following each the other, so that the world is not overwhelmed with wonder as it would be if the whole had been produced at once. It seems sometimes as if nothing remained to be discovered, save perpetual motion and the working principle of aerial navigation, and yet it is certain that Nature is teeming with secrets, locked away, to be rendered up to those who have the will and wisdom to find the key.

Singular as it may appear, the persons who invent new things are rarely the ones who profit by them, or even win any glory. They usually know little about business, and have no money to bring their inventions before the public. In these days nothing can win attention unless largely advertised, and that requires a large outlay to be added to the cost of the production. It must, therefore, pass into the hands of others to be introduced into the market, and in the end, the originator usually derives little benefit from the work of his brains.

The truth is, however, that comparatively few large fortunes are made in this way considering the number of new inventions of which we hear. It is true that each inventor imagines one in sight, because he has produced something which he thinks the world needs. Often it is a trifle that brings an outpour of riches, as, for instance, in the case of the man who threw a ball on a rubber string, in order to catch it in his hand on its return. Patented, it became popular and made him a millionaire. The owner of the bell punch has coined money by the sale of this little contrivance. He has never sold one of them, but is paid so much for their use wherever employed. In many of the large cities East, and in those of Europe, his rental in a single day amounts to $500.

The discoverer of the cheap way of making aluminum, which metal can then be used to such an immense advantage in place of iron, as was detailed at length in the BLADE the other day, will, doubtless, make a fortune, but the lion's share will not go into his pocket. Perhaps it is a good thing, however, to have the profits of any invention distributed, not, however, as in many cases, to the entire exclusion of the inventor.

With so many active brains at work, and with the new interest awakened in tool using in the hands of the young in the Manual Training schools now being established in many of the cities, an era of inventions is promised which will exceed all that has gone before. We need be astonished at nothing, for however wonderful a thing may be accomplished, something far more wonderful will follow.

LEARNING TRADES.

Years ago the boys in a family either became farmers, learned trades or studied a profession. They did not go to school a few years, then drift out in the world with no particular idea of what they were going to do, but expecting that something would come to their hand by which they could manage to get enough together to live. They did not think there was more respectability in standing behind a dry goods counter, or a desk, than in being a mason, carpenter, blacksmith or farmer, but with the increase of luxury in the country, side by side with the increase of wealth, came the dislike to manual labor, and the consequent change in the employments looked forward to by young men.

There seems now a re-action setting in, in favor of trades. Public speakers are urging the matter upon the attention of the people. In a recent address before the convention of Charities at St. Paul, ex-President HAYES presented, in the strongest terms, the importance of industrial education for the young. In Philadelphia, at a late convention of housepainters, this necessity made the burden of many of the speeches, and the matter was discussed both from a theoretical and practical standpoint. The same subject forms one of the topics in many, indeed of most of the meetings called for the purpose of futhering the educational and business prosperity of the country.

Even in the short time that this feeling has been at work, much has been done towards carrying out the ideas to which it has given birth. The manual training schools are outcomes from it, and these are becoming an established part of the public schools in many of the larger cities of the country, and their example will soon be followed in the smaller places. If these schools accomplish nothing more than to give a new dignity to labor in the the eyes of the people, great good will have been done. Its degradation has had the effect of throwing mechanical work of all kinds into the hands of foreigners, while American boys became clerks and bookkeepers. Beside taking out of the hands of the latter the most lucrative occupations, it has had also a strong tendency to diminish their physique, for indoor, sedentary labor does not conduce to health and vigor.

Every encouragement should be given to the manual training schools, though by no means to the extent of lowering the standard of education in other directions. It would be a questionable good that would diminish general intelligence, but wise consideration and forethought will prevent that, while, at the time, the trades will be elevated into their proper place in the esteem of the people, and consequently gain favor in the eyes of the youth of the country.

THE Democrats of California are in sore perplexity. It will be remembered that when Sen. MILLER died, the legislature was not in session, and that Gov. STONEMAN therefore appointed Mr. HEARST to fill the vacancy until the legislature meets, when it will fill the place by election. The term expires March 4 next, and the legislature to be elected this fall will have a Senator to elect for the full term beginning at that date. Now, however, some of HEARST'S business partners persuaded STONEMAN to call an extra session of the legislature to take some action concerning irrigation companies. No sooner was the call issued than it was discovered that the legislature will necessarily have to elect a Senator in HEARST'S place to serve until March 4 next; and as that body is Republican, this will retire HEARST, and add another Republican to the United States Senate. Hence these tears.

THE recent executive order of Mr. CLEVELAND to federal office-holders, forbidding them from taking any active part in practical politics, is a mere revamping of the famous order of Pres. HAYES on the same subject, June 22, 1877. CLEVELAND'S production is a turgid and obscure document compared with its prototype, which is here given:

> No officer of the general government should be required or permitted to take part in the management of political organizations, caucuses, conventions, or election campaigns. Their right to vote and to express their views on public questions, either orally or through the press, is not denied, provided it does not interfere with the discharge of their official duties. No assessments for political purposes on officers or subordinates should be allowed. This rule is applicable to every department of the civil service. It should be understood by every officer of the general government that he is expected to conform his conduct to its requirements. R. B. HAYES.

THE PAYNE CASE.

The vote on the Payne case resulted as we supposed it would, after the division in opinion of the committee on Privileges and Elections, in a refusal to investigate the methods by which he was elected. The vote in the Senate stood, yeas 17, nays, 44, on the resolution of Messrs. HOAR and FRYE for an investigation.

We believe that the Senate has erred in making this decision. The grounds on which it is based are that there was nothing to connect PAYNE personally with the frauds by which he was elected, and that the admitted bribery was in caucus, and not in the legislature.

The doctrine is thus proclaimed, if A and B, by the unlawful use of money, purchase an election to any office for C, the latter not being proved to have any knowledge of the methods they use, that C's title to that office is a valid one; and that bribery in a legislative caucus does not vitiate the action of the legislature ween the result of the corruption in caucus is carried into effect by it.

This may be in accordance with the law, but it is not in accord with right and justice. On the first of these grounds, if A and B broke into the bank and stole all the money, which they afterwards presented to C, the title of the latter would be indefeasible, and the money could be recovered. As a matter of fact, the votes which were necessary to PAYNE'S election were obtained by methods as illegal as burglary, and the Senatorial seat occupied by him should be returned to the state of Ohio, from which it was improperly obtained.

As the BLADE has before pointed out, the Democrats were in a majority in the legislature which elected PAYNE. They went into caucus to determine for whom the Democratic members of that body should cast their vote for United States senator. In accordance with party policy, the action of the caucus is held to be binding upon the members participating therein, and for one to refuse to carry out the caucus mandate is considered a breach of party faith. The verdict in the caucus fixed the verdict in the legislature, for it decided who should get the votes of the Democratic majority. Certain persons, it is alleged, bribed enough Democrats who originally favored PENDLETON or WARD to vote for PAYNE instead. It is splitting hairs to say that the bribery affected only the caucus, and not the vote in the legislature.

The case ends here, and there is no remedy for the outraged people of the state. The only thing they can do is to visit their severest condemnation upon the men who managed this iniquity, the politicians who countenanced it, and the party in whose name it was accomplished. And we much mistake the temper of the freemen of Ohio if they shall not do these things to the uttermost.

SENATOR SHERMAN ON THE PAYNE CASE.

The speech of Sen. SHERMAN, on the report of the committee on Privileges and Elections regarding the Payne case in the Senate on Thursday, is one which is in every way creditable to his head and heart. Disclaiming any belief that Mr. PAYNE himself was cognizant of the shameful methods employed by certain of his relatives and friends to compass his election, Mr. SHERMAN declared his belief that there was fraud and corruption in that event, and that an investigation should be made, and the facts of the case be arrived at as nearly as possible by the Senate.

Mr. SHERMAN reminded the Senate that these charges were first made by Ohio Democratic editors and Democratic citizens; that both houses of the present General Assembly of the state had adopted resolutions declaring the belief that PAYNE'S election had been purchased by the use of money, and that a convention of 68 Republican editors of the state had adopted resolutions of a similar tenor. He declared that the belief in these charges among the people of Ohio is no narrow feeling, to be easily smothered, and that a refusal to investigate will not extinguish it. He called the serious attention of the Senators to the fact that this is the first time it has ever been urged on the floor of the Senate that it will not do to examine into the character and conduct of an election, and into the qualifications of a member. He also reminded the members of the committee on Elections that it is not their province to refuse an investigation because they think there is not evidence enough to *convict;* their duty is analogous to that of a grand jury, before whom a mere charge is sufficient basis for an indictment. Then the case goes to trial—and in this case the Senate is the tribunal which must pass upon the evidence, and decide whether the seat of HENRY B. PAYNE was obtained by bribery and fraud or not.

Mr. SHERMAN'S summing up of the whole matter states exactly the feeling of every honest citizen of Ohio—that it is the duty of the Senate, out of a due regard for its own honor and for the future of the nation, not to leave these ugly charges to be believed by some and disbelieved by others, "to be made the subject of party contest and party chicanery," but that there should be a fair, full and judicious investigation into the merits of the accusation. The result, said Mr. SHERMAN, would be to brand the men making the charges with ignominy if the charges were proven false; and if true, "deal with the facts proven as you shall think just and right."

Sen. FRYE, who spoke afterwards, declared his belief that Mr. PAYNE is a man of the strictest integrity, but added that the only thing that has shaken his confidence is the fact that, under the storm of indignant accusation, PAYNE could sit unmoved in the Senate and not demand an investigation, and show to the world that he is innocent. A strong point well taken.

"CORPORATIONS have no souls" has passed into an adage. But the great Pennsylvania railroad company has taken a step that goes to disprove the commonly accepted meaning of the maxim. It has been experimenting whether it pays for a big corporation like itself to observe Sunday. A good many excursion trains and some regular passenger trains have been discontinued. All freight trains except those carrying live stock and perishable goods have been ordered off from 8 o'clock Saturday night till midnight Sunday, and all repairing work on Sunday has been stopped. To make the opportunity still further beneficial, freight engineers are allowed the use of their locomotives to take themselves home for the day. The results have proved so satisfactory that the directors are now arranging to make these experimental changes permanent and to extend them. The men are found to be worth more and the liability to accidents is lessened.

A MOVEMENT is on foot to have the rules of the civil service commission apply to the railway postal service. This is a step that should be taken at once. There is no class of positions under the government which require the acquirement of so great a degree of special knowledge. A postal clerk is not worth his salt for at least six months, and it requires at least a year's steady work to make him efficient. It is but just that these men, having to acquire this vast fund of special information, which is valuable only in the postal service, and of little or no account in any other line of business, should have the safeguard of the civil service law thrown around them, and not be at the mercy of a partisan head.

TELEGRAPH property in Iowa is to be taxed on an assessed value of $50 a mile for the ensuing year.

SALISBURY'S COURSE.

The British House of Commons consists of 670 members, of which 336 is a majority. The result of the recent elections was the choice of the following: Conservatives or Tories, 317; Gladstone Liberals, 102; Parnellites, 86; Liberal Unionists, 75. The Tories alone are 19 less than a majority, but with the Liberal Unionists they will have a majority of 56.

GLADSTONE has resigned, and the Marquis of Salisbury, the Conservative leader, now has the task devolving upon him of forming a new ministry. Whether it will be strictly Tory, or whether a coalition will be formed with that portion of the Liberal Unionists who are under HARTINGTON'S lead, and a portion of its membership be drawn from their ranks, cannot yet be foretold. The other faction of the Liberal Unionists, under the lead of CHAMBERLAIN, are in harmy with GLADSTONE on the question of Home Rule for Ireland, but split off on the plan proposed. The Hartington faction are opposed to the principle of Home Rule *in toto.*

After the delicate task of forming a cabinet is accomplished, the real difficulty of the Tories will come up. It is, of course, how to dispose of the Irish question. The traditional policy of the Tories is coercion—the use of force to suppress all outbreaks and remonstrances from the downtrodden Irish people. The day for that sort of thing has, however, gone by forever. Being in a minority nineteen votes, they would suffer defeat did they attempt to bring in a bill of that nature. Neither can they be allowed to let the matter drift along in inaction. The people are clamoring for a settlement of the eternal Irish question, and the situation must be met. To us, it seems most probable that the Tory ministry will introduce a Home Rule measure of some kind, differing from GLADSTONE'S in method, but conceding the principle.

THE FIGHT IN ATLANTA.

The efforts of some few of the Rum advocates to defy the prohibitory law in Atlanta will come to naught, for the officers of the law are in earnest in their efforts to see that it shall be enforced. The owner of the Big Bonanza saloon, whose temporary injunction against the city authorities was summarily dissolved by Judge CLARK, has shut his doors. Complaints have been entered against his barkeeper and against three drug store people for selling liquor in violation of law. Mayor HILLYER told a reporter that the authorities are not disposed to be oppressive or vindictive in the matter, or to persecute individuals, but they are determined to compel obedience to the law. Said he:

> One thing can be put down as settled—Prohibition will prohibit in Atlanta. The people have voted whisky out, and it must stay out. Prohibition shall have a fair trial. Personal prosecutions, looking to the enforcement of penalties, will be carried only so far as is necessary to convince offenders and the people that we are in earnest and mean what we say.

The real struggle to evade the law will be that inaugurated by the Atlanta Brewery. One of its drivers was arrested last week in the act of delivering bottled beer to customers. The company proposes to fight the case through to the Supreme court of the United States. Their property and plant is worth $150,000, and the question whether the state is liable for damages caused by the prohibitory law, already passed upon by the United States Circuit court in Iowa, will, through the Atlanta case, come before the Supreme court. The managers of the Kimball House, who got hold of the tag end of a wholesale dealer's unexpired license, and sold drinks over the bar "by the quart," delivering the goods in pitchers, have stopped allowing drinking on the premises, and require purchasers to carry their pitchers outside, presumably acting under advice of counsel. Such proceedings as these, however, will be short-lived. Their license soon runs out, and they will then be compelled to obey the law to the letter.

OUR SEWING MACHINE.

ONCE more we ask you to read the advertisement of the Blade sewing machine on fifth page. Every day we receive scores of testimonials from delighted ladies who have it in use. It is a magnificent success. And then the price! $18 for the best sewing machine in the world, and the weekly BLADE one year! If you want a good, reliable sewing machine order at once. We are filling orders now the same day they are received.

THE telegraphic fraternity will be interested in knowing that a monument is to be unveiled at Frakfort, Ky., on Thursday, in honor of JAMES P. LEONARD, a native of that city, who was the first man to ever read a telegraphic message by sound. The monument was erected by contributions from the "Old Time Telegraphers," and was first proposed by and has been erected under the personal supervision of Col. CHARLES E. TAYLOR, the manager of the Western Union office in that city. We were under the impression, however, that a Hartford, Conn., man was the first one to read by sound from the clicks of an old-fashioned Morse "register." The BLADE would be glad to publish a historical article bearing upon the discovery of reading by sound, if any of its telegraphic readers can furnish it.

IT may be of interest, since the recent wholesale dismissal of railway postal clerks in Ohio and Indiana, to know that, according to a report prepared by the postm

THE CUTTING AFFAIR.

Mr. A. K. CUTTING, the editor of a newspaper at El Paso, Texas, published some time ago an article severely criticising one MEDINA, a Mexican ruffian of influence. CUTTING crossed the Rio Grande to the Mexican town of El Paso del Norte, lying on the opposite bank, on business, and was at once arrested and thrown into prison by the Mexican authorities, at the instigation of MEDINA, for his criticism. United States Consul BRIGHAM objected most energetically, and MEDINA abused him, for which the latter was arrested and fined by the Mexican authorities.

CUTTING was brought before the alcalde, or mayor, of El Paso del Norte, but refused to answer any questions, denying that the court had any authority over him. In this course he followed the advice of Consul BRIGHAM, who is making things very lively in his endeavors to have CUTTING released. After being thus ineffectually brought before the alcalde a number of times, he was informed that his case had been transferred to another court called the Court of the First Instance, because CASTENADO, the alcalde, was not competent to try the case. Both CUTTING and the consul asked to be informed of the nature of the charge and they were told that it would be premature to disclose it. When CUTTING was called up for final trial he would be informed as to the specific charges against him. Court records are kept, but only the judge and the official prosecutor have access to them. They are dead secrets to all others.

It is announced by telegraph from El Paso that the Mexican law sustains this abominable outrage upon a free American citizen, as it provides for the trial and punishment in Mexico of offences committed in other countries. Besides, there is a new Mexican law for the special government of newspaper men which provides that these unfortunates may, at the pleasure of any judge, be imprisoned for a term not exceeding one year on suspicion only and without trial.

There is unbounded excitement along the border, especially among the Mexicans, whose old-time hatred of the Yankees, traditional for generations, and tremendously intensified by the Mexican war and the wresting of California from them, blazes forth in all its pristine intensity. There are a number of Mexican troops already at El Paso del Norte, and 2,000 more are on the way. The Americans on the Texas side of the river feel much uneasiness at this massing of troops, as it is said that if there should be trouble between Mexico and the United States over the Cutting affair, ten hours would see 8,000 Mexican troops on the Texas side of the Rio Grande. The United States government at Washington has demanded CUTTING'S release, but no attention has been paid to it.

This is a case in which the utter feebleness and inattention of the American foreign policy is well illustrated. American business men on the Mexican side of the river are claiming to be British subjects and asking the protection of the British flag in order to protect themselves and their property in case of an outbreak. We need more of a policy that has sneeringly been denominated "jingo," in such cases. The fact of being an American citizen should itself be all the protection a man should need, in Mexico or anywhere else. It is a burning shame that the government does not demand CUTTING'S release within six hours, and if not acceded to proceed by force of arms to make the American name respected among the greasers.

THE ANTI-SALOON REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT.

The Anti-Saloon movement within the Republican party is gathering strength, notably in the East. The leading Republican journals are outspoken in its endorsement—the New York *Tribune* and the *Mail and Express* especially so. A call has just been issued, for a national conference to be held at Chicago on September 16, by the organizing committee of the Anti-Saloon movement, from which we give extracts showing its plan and purpose:

Each state is requested to elect four times as many delegates and alternates as it has senators and representatives in Congress, and territories not now entitled to any as they would be entitled to if they were states. The promoters of this movement are earnest temperance men who believe that, as the Democratic party has become the protector of the saloon interests, the Republican party ought to take up the right, to become the avowed champion and defender of the home against the saloon, and, to this end, they urge all who love the cause to unite heartily and help them at this time by prompt and earnest action.

In the opinion of those who called this national conference, the party should not be asked to commit itself nationally to or against any specific law, but should announce as its settled policy that it will everywhere strive to reduce the business of dram-selling, and the evils resulting from it, as much as possible—leaving each locality to decide for itself, from time to time, what laws are best adapted to secure the end in view, and that whenever the people express a desire to vote on prohibitory amendments they should be given an opportunity to do so. But whatever is done, should be done honestly and with such emphasis that the men engaged in the liquor business will recognize the party as their enemy and treat it accordingly. Nothing short of that will satisfy the temperance force, and that line of policy need not and, if properly managed, will not alienate the mass of drinking men—almost all of whom admit that the saloon is a deadly enemy to good order and every human interest. Some will, of course, leave us, but their ranks will, in the near future, be more than made up by the temperance men of other parties, who do not like the position in which we have placed them.

More than one-half of the Republican members of the national Senate and a large number of the Democratic and other prominent party leaders, in both branches, have expressed this policy, and we do not know of a single member of either house of Congress to whom it has been explained who opposes it. Many are more or less non-committal, but the most of even those desire the people to go ahead.

The movement has already received the official indorsement of the party in Vermont and Maine, where the state committees are to select the delegates to the national convention, and it is expected that party committees will do the same thing in other states, but official announcements have not yet been made. In New Jersey and Massachusetts delegates, called by many prominent Republicans, have been held and executive committees appointed, with instructions to choose delegates to the national convention, and calls are being circulated in other states.

During the past two months arrangements have been made that insure delegations from nine states, to-wit: Kansas, Illinois, Michigan, New York, Massachusetts, Vermont, Maine, New Hampshire, Maine and Rhode Island. In some of these, only the preliminary steps have been taken, but they are so far advanced, and are in such hands that the result is certain. Some other states are nearly as far advanced, but we announce none except by authority. However, enough has already been done to make it certain that the conference will be a large one, and it is hoped that all the Northern and some of the Southern states will be represented.

That such a body will exert a powerful influence is certain, but whether it will be for good or evil will depend upon the full degree of the delegates sent. Among those from the states named will be senators, congressmen, governors, and other leading men, and the delegates are to be selected with such care that the remaining states do nearly as well the action of the conference will be at once accepted and indorsed by the party for the reason that it will be a judicious statement of the wishes of the great mass of its members.

The more solidly the party moves forward the less will be the friction and consequent loss, and we therefore appeal to temperance Republicans in every locality to secure the election of full delegations of the strongest members of the party who are ready to cut loose from the saloon, and put it on a platform in harmony with the best interests of the country and humanity. If acknowledged leaders will not promptly take the initiative, then let others do so, for there is no time to lose.

The New York *Tribune* of yesterday has a long editorial upon the anti-saloon movement, from which we make the following extracts:

The new movement undoubtedly commends itself to that large and important element which has long seen and deplored the effect of the drink traffic, yet which has not been able to see its way clear

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON - - - - EDITOR

HOME TALKS.

PLEASANT KITCHENS.

I have often wondered why, in building houses, the kitchen is almost invariably made the darkest, gloomiest and most disagreeable room in the house. It is placed where there can be no outlook except a disagreeable one, is usually small and inconvenient, and, in fact, is anything but a pleasant place for human beings to pass the greater part of their lives in. In very many houses it lacks everything which would help to make that part of the domestic machinery move smoothly, and yet in that little, part-up cheerless room is to be prepared the food which is to nourish the bodies of the family, and make them fitting temples for the mind and spirit. How anything good can come out of such a Nazareth as many of these places are, is a question which it is hard to answer.

The truth is the kitchen should be one of the brightest and cheeriest rooms in the house. There should be plenty of air and sunlight playing hide-and-seek through its windows; the walls ought to be light, or white, instead of the dark and dingy coloring usually given to them; every convenience to make work easy should be supplied, even if there be no sofa in the parlor; and it should not be entirely devoid of things to make it attractive and homelike.

"Nine out of ten girls do not care a rush for these things, and if you make it nice and pleasant, in a week it will look as if a whirlwind had passed by and stranded things hap-hazard, leaving it anything but inviting."

I hear this remark, or similar ones, on all sides, and there is some truth in them. Girls do not always take the pride in keeping their own department in good order, in having every thing bright and clean and in its place, that would give the mistress a desire to increase the comfort and pleasantness of their surroundings. How many kitchens are there, however, the aspect of which upon entering, would arouse any ambition on the part of the servant to keep it looking its best? If nine out of ten girls are careless in this respect, nine out of ten kitchens are just such places as I have described, and the only thought which can find lodgment in their brains is, how to get the work done as soon as possible, so that they can leave it. Many times this is one reason why "girls run the streets," to their own detriment in various ways. The family in the pleasant living rooms, enjoying each other's companionship, and that of their guests, think little of the one lonely girl, young and active may be, who is shut away alone in the dingy back room, with no resources when her work is done, to entertain herself, caring nothing for reading or sewing, and with but the one alternative, sleep, unless she goes out to find pleasure elsewhere.

Of course her surroundings may be as pleasant, and more comfortable than those she is accustomed to at home, but in that last word, home, lies the difference. The one place is the house of a stranger. There at best, she feels in most cases an alien. In the other are those whom ties of blood or habit have made her companions, who are interested in her, and in whom she is interested, which make up for the homeliness of the place.

Aside from this, however, I believe that food cooked in such a room as I spoke of, one that is bright and pleasant, with a clear, good atmosphere, all tending to make the cook healthy and happy, will be better and more wholesome than under other circumstances. Sunshiny rooms will often produce sunshine in the hearts, and with that comes the disposition to please, greater effort to do well, and the almost certainty of a successful outcome of such effort. I do not think any one who has studied the matter will gainsay this assertion. Let any woman shut herself in as dark and dingy a room as the kitchen usually is, to do her sewing, mending, reading, etc., and see how long it will be before she is looking on the gloomy side of life, and feeling that her very existence is a burden. Of course there is the difference of habit from childhood upward to be considered, but the indirect effect of gloom upon the physical and mental organism will be the same in kind in both cases, though not, perhaps, in degree.

So far I have spoken only of the houses where a girl is kept to do the general work of the family, but there is in this country, a great army of women, many of them delicate, refined in taste, and intelligent, who, themselves, perform the daily household duties, and are therefore to be found the greater part of their time in their kitchens. It is well for them to have a pleasant parlor in which to sit evenings, or to entertain their friends, but it is of infinitely more importance that the place where most of their days are passed, and where they are constantly putting forth mental and physical exertion, should be such as to stimulate the brain and infuse energy into the body, and it can only be so when all the conditions are comfortable and pleasant. Given these and the tax upon the strength is lessened by one-half. Could the farmers' wives who, statistics show, are the shortest lived of women, and among whom there are more insane than in any other class, always have kitchens in which are to be found all of the latest conveniences for doing work in the easiest way, just as their husbands have for their labors upon the farm, and if these same kitchens could be large and airy with a pleasant outlook, ill health, insanity and mortality would show a large diminution. These latter things are possible in the country, where ground is not sold by the foot, but by the acre, if only the idea could be effaced that the kitchen department and all of its appliances must be kept out of sight as much as possible, and that it does not matter what sort of place is provided for the cooking, thus degrading that into the least important part of the household economy, whereas it is the most important of all. If farmers would think of these things when building their houses, and buying their furniture, and if they would see the necessity as strongly for providing conveniences for their wives to do their work with, as for the purchasing of improved machines for doing their own, they would have to pay fewer doctor's bills, and find themselves with healthy, happy partners, instead of sad and suffering invalids, whose days are days of weariness and woe.

It is more difficult to make the kitchens of city houses pleasant, owing to the cramped spaces in which they are built. In blocks, usually, light can enter only into the front and back windows, and those at the back, especially the lower ones, look out upon dreary areas. A great deal more light can be given, however, than is generally allowed to enter, by multiplying the windows. Let the whole end of the room be one large window, rather than be darkened as most of them are. It would be better in every way.

The most pleasant kitchen that I ever saw was that belonging to a house set in a large yard, in which were trees and flowers in abundance. From the main part of the house a wing was extended, making an L, and in this was done the cooking and domestic service for the family. It had windows looking towards the street as well as to the rear; it was bright and sunny, and while at work, mistress or maid could catch the breath of the flowers, and the sky and green grass and waving trees. The room itself was as neat and pretty as a picture. The floor was painted and the walls tinted, while the woodwork was grained to imitate a light wood. Plain white curtains hung at the windows; there were one or two rocking chairs, splint-bottomed but comfortable; some pretty pictures upon the walls, and altogether, it was a place that seemed fit to inspire any one with a sense of pleasure in the midst of her household labors. The food that was cooked in that room was always good enough for the Empress of all India, and I did not wonder at it. It was indeed an ideal kitchen, which all may not hope to realize, but which can be approached by a little forethought and effort.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Mantel Scarf.—The color of this scarf should harmonize with the furnishings of the room. A very handsome one is made of myrtle green plush which is taken its full width and long enough to hang over the ends of the mantel at least a third of a yard. Across one whole side paint or embroider a running vine of nasturtiums or some equally vivid flower. Line the scarf with silk of one of the brilliant colors of the flowers. Tack the plain edge to the back of the mantel, then loop it up slightly with small brass chains in three places, or in one or two, according to the length of the mantel. The ends may be caught together with a heavy cord and tassel or left loose as fancy dictates.

Cheap Bedspread.—Get an oblong piece of plain Congress canvass for the center. Put an inch-wide hem all around it. Then make a border of the striped ticking, upon the four sides, and run bright ribbon in it, which can be taken out when washed. A broad lace around the edge will be very handsome, though a wide hem is a pretty finish.

Picture Frame.—Cut out of strong pasteboard a piece, four or five inches longer and wider than the picture to be framed. Lay the picture exactly in the center and mark its size on the board. Then inside these lines a quarter of an inch mark other lines, and with a sharp knife cut out the board by the inner lines. This will leave the frame. Paint the frame yellow and before it gets dry, sprinkle it over thickly with fine bronzing. This makes a very pretty frame indeed.

Very pretty lace patterns will be found in "Fancy Work and House Decoration," which can be had by sending 25 cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O.

Hair Guards.—As there have been two requests as to how to make hair guards, with your permission I will try sending one or two: Take a shoestring, run a common knitting needle in for foundation; a board (round) with a hole in the center, mark off into 16 spaces; number them (the marks) in this way: 1, 4, 7, 2, 5, 8, 3, 6, 9, 4, 7, 2, 5, 8, 3, 6. Secure hair to the shoestring. Divide into 16 strands, keep in place with small weights; commence by taking both ones pass one on each side of your needle exchanging places, then the twos, and so on; always cross them the same way; understand, there must be a strand on each figure.

Another.—Same number of strands. Mark board into four spaces, then place letters, A at the top, B at the right hand, C at the foot, C right hand, D at left. An inch each side of letters mark one; an inch from 1 mark 2; so you have the same number of strands lift the ones 1 from each side of A, cross and place between B and the ones 3; bring back the twos from B and place between the twos and A, then go to C and D and cross and place as at all around. I hope this will be understood. Try before deciding. I like No. 1 best.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit p, purl or seam p 2 s, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crochet: ch, chain stitch; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; ch ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t c, short crochet.

Diamond Edging.—Cast on 9 stitches. 1st row—k 3—n—o—n—o—k 1—o—k 1. 2d row—k 1—p 1—k 4. 3d row—k 2—n—o—n—o—k 3—o—k 1. 4th row—k 2—n—o—k 3—o—k 1. 5th row—k 1—p 1—k 3—p 1—k 1—p 1—k 3. 6th row—k 1—n—o—n—o—k 5—o—k 1. (There are now 12 on the needle.) 7th row—k 1—p 1—k 5—p 1—k 1—p 1—k 2. 8th row—k 3—o—n—o—n—k 1—n—o—n. (Eleven on the needle.) 9th row—k 1—p 1—k 3—p 1—k 1—p 1—k 3. 10th row—k 4—o—n—o—k 3 tog—o—n. 11th row—k 1—p 1—k 1—p 3—k 1—p 1—k 4. 12th row—k 5—o—k 2 tog—o—n. 13th row—k 1—p 1—k 1—p 1—k 5—p 2 tog.

Ice tidies, lambrequins are pretty with flowers painted on them, in fact if one is at all handy with the brush the home may be made very attractive. There are many other things I have brightened with the brush which I will write about some other time.—FRANCES B., West Branch, Mich.

The HOUSEHOLD will be very glad to have some practical articles about flower-raising.

The BLADE does not publish exchanges. —ED.

STARTING IN THE BREAD BUSINESS.—In the BLADE of July 1, also in June 17, I see a request for directions for starting in the bread business, or home bakery. First, in answer to the question how I make my yeast bread: P boil six large potatoes, mash them very fine, add 1 cupful of flour, 1 tablespoonful each of salt and sugar. Over this I pour 1 teacupful of boiling water, stir thoroughly. Now add 1 cupful of cold water, and if it is still too warm let it stand a few minutes to cool. It should be milk warm. I now add two yeast cakes, previously soaked, and keep the yeast just warm until it commences to rise. This will keep two or three days in the cellar.

The night before I wish to bake I add three quarts of warm water to this yeast and mix or knead it very hard. Set it where it will be just warm in the winter, and any place will answer in the summer. Cover close with a tight cover to exclude the air. In the morning knead again as hard as you can and as much as you can. Knead until you cannot knead in any more flour. When light, just dust enough flour on your board to keep it from sticking, and if you have kneaded it hard enough before, you can mix it without any flour this time. Now here depends a great deal of your success. If you mix flour with your loaves your bread will not be as good. I cut off the dough and weigh each loaf as I mix it, giving 2 lbs to a loaf. Have your tins all alike holding only one loaf. Let the bread get very light before baking. Each one must bake it according to her own oven, only be sure and have it hot when you put in the bread. For mixing the bread on you need a large kneading board and a large dishpan to hold the sponge and wash and scald it out every time. Do not take a wooden bowl.

In regard to which would be the best a large town or a small one I do not know. We have nearly ten thousand inhabitants in our place. I should like a large town best. If I had a home I should stay there whether the town were large or small, and do the best I could.

Now in answer to the next question how I make any satisfactory bread, I hardly know how to tell you this as so much depends on the flour and the care. The day before I wish to bake, in the morning, I take three tablespoonfuls of fresh Indian meal, put it in a cup, add a piece of salt, sugar, ginger and saleratus, each one the size of a pea. Pour over this ½ cupful of boiling sweet milk, and add flour to make a little thicker than gruel or about as thick as pancake batter. Set this where it will be as hot as it can be and not scald and it will rise very light. Set away in a cool place but do not let it get frozen in winter. This is railroad yeast; sometimes it takes all day to rise and sometimes it is light in three hours. Now, next morning take ½ pt. warm water, add salt and saleratus the size of a pea, stir as thick as for sponge with your flour, add 2 teaspoonfuls of your yeast, cover this bowl or whatever dish you set them in close and set this dish in a kettle of hot water and set where it will be as hot as it can be and not scald. Your dish should be half full of emptyings, and when light should be full. This comes up in about half an hour, or a little longer. When this is light take two or three quarts of warm water, add one-half teaspoonful soda, dissolve thoroughly, stir in flour for your sponge add your emptyings and keep this hot, but not scald. When light and foamy on top mix into loaves, let rise and bake. This does not want to take as long as yeast bread. Do not wait for the sponge to rise up to the top of your dish, but mix when it looks foamy on top, and you must mix this just as soft as you can, and handle it not any harder than you would biscuit. I have tried to make this very plain, but so much depends on experience and constant watching, that I do not know how you will succeed. I have my salt-rising bread baked before noon. I should like to hear how you all succeed, and if you get rich by it.—E. N. A.

CALIFORNIA RAISINS.—A late inquiry in the BLADE concerning raisin making has led me to give a brief description of one of the great industries of California. The most extensive vineyards are situated in central and southern portions of the state, in localities where climate and soil seem specially adapted to grape culture.

The Muscat of Alexandria, a large, meaty, white grape, is the variety principally grown for raisins. Muscat grapes do not make raisins, but they are frequently dried and sold at a cheaper rate as "dried grapes."

The vines are not grown on a trellis, but are set as standards. In December or January, according to the season, they are pruned back to two or three eye, and present a very prosaic appearance, resembling a field of gnarled old stumps stuck in at regular intervals rather than the charming tangle of tendril and leaf that errant fancy pictures on mention of a vineyard.

But wait till early spring when the tender young shoots begin to throw a veil of the loveliest green over the rugged trunks, or later, when the air is redolent with the breath of the grape blossoms; or later still, when one revels in the mammoth clusters half hidden by the broad leaves, and who can deny that there is more poetry than prose about a vineyard? No one unless it is the owner. He may tell you, with heightened visage, of the toil required to keep it in order, of the irrigating and cultivating; but be very sure that he is well paid for his trouble. Else why does he not root out his vineyard and plant trees? And why are millions of new vines set out every year?

You may plant your cuttings with the greatest partaking, but your vineyard will not prove a paying investment unless it is properly cared for. It must be thoroughly cultivated and kept free from weeds. It should be irrigated in winter, and in summer also if it is in the interior, on high, dry land. Grapes intended for raisins should be perfectly ripe. Those dried green they do not dry well. They are usually ready for picking about the middle of September, and dry in two or three weeks, according to the weather. When about half dry the grapes are turned. Formerly all the raisins were dried upon the ground; but this implies turning the clusters by hand, a necessarily tedious process, and one likely to break the brittle stems. Now, many of the leading vineyardists place the grapes on wooden trays two by three feet, allowing about twenty pounds of fruit to each tray. When ready to turn, an empty tray is placed above the full one, and the two are reversed without the loss of time, and without injury to the stems or clusters.

The raisins do not need protection at night, except in case of heavy fog or rain. When they are thoroughly dry they are placed in large boxes called sweat boxes. At first the stems are hard and brittle, and break at every attempt made to place them in position, but after remaining in the sweat box a few days they become flexible, and the raisins are then ready for packing.

They are usually sorted according to size into first, second and third grades, and are packed into 20 pound boxes, in layers of five pounds. Each layer is packed and pressed separately in a form or mould, and then slipped into the box.

In several localities in Southern California it is arranged that one party shall take the grapes of the vineyardist and dry and pack them, thus saving much care and oversight, and the raisins are more uniform and of better quality than the average produced by individual grape growers.—ALICE P. ADAMS, Alhambra, California.

WHAT I WOULD FORGET.

I would forget the many griefs,
With which this great wide world is rife;
I would forget all weariness,
That follows an unconquered strife.

I would forget an untrue friend
Whose seeming-loved friendship die,
I would forget all perished hopes,
That by my troubled pathway lie.

I would forget the dark, wild storm,
That rages through the dismal night,
And think but of the coming morn,
With it's true wealth of golden light.

I would forget the bitter scorn,
That wounds a tender loving heart;
I would forget all censure, too,
And sharp reproaches' stinging smart.

I would forget the gloomy place,
Where dark despair and sorrow meet;
I would forget all bitterness,
And remember but the sweet.

I would forget the "Reaper, Death,"
And his unfailing quiet strife,
And think but of the harvest bright
And the promised eternal life.

—MOLLIE.

Inquiries.

Who can tell me, from experience, how to raise turkeys, as this is our first year and are having very poor luck with them. We had over 60 hatch out, and when they got to be about two weeks old they commenced to die, and have only 21 left. We keep them up until the dew is gone and do not feed meal, and they are not lousy.—PANSY BLOSSOM.

Will some one please tell me what to do for noise in the ear? It commenced last January and has been there ever since. It troubles me more at night than day. At first I thought it was the fire bells; the sound has changed. I saw this question asked once before in the BLADE, but never heard any reply to it.—KITTIE.

Can any of the readers of the BLADE tell of a cure for cataract over the eyes or a good surgeon or eye doctor that I can correspond with?

Can any one of the readers of the BLADE please tell me what will cure kidney disease?—A SUBSCRIBER.

Can any one tell me what is the matter with my chickens? When they are very small they get stupid, so that you can pick them up anywhere; when they eat they almost squat down, and generally scratch all the time and go backward as fast as they scratch; have lost one out of nearly every flock; have tried sulphur, kerosene, turpentine and pepper, but they soon die. Any information will be thankfully received.—E. A. D.

I see by the BLADE that L. P. R. has a child that has tape worm. What are the symptoms of tape worm? as I have a little girl 7 years old that complains of feeling giddy, as she says, in her stomach. She appears well every other way. I did think it was worms, and gave her turpentine, but have seen none. BLADE, or to Mrs. Mathews?—JERUSALEM, Harford co., Md.

I have a little girl nearly ten years old who for several years has had spells of being deaf when she had a cold in her head and seems to be growing worse. I think catarrh the cause as she has seemed to have it from her birth. If any one can tell me what will help her they will confer a very great favor and receive my sincere gratitude.—MRS. S. H. FOSTER, Whiting, Vermont.

Will some one give me a receipt for making paper mache?—JESSE HUSKINS, Tulare postoffice, Cal.

Answers to Inquiries.

Some write to inquire after our gifted correspondent upon art subjects, Mrs. E. S. L. Thompson, Winchester, Ind. She was absent from her home for several weeks in the spring, but has returned and will answer inquiries sent to her as she has done in the past, if a stamp is inclosed to pay postage. We hope to hear from her again upon art matters.—ED.

I wish to say a few words through the columns of your paper in regard to the Greek valerian (or blue bell). I sent a letter to the BLADE last December recommending it to all those afflicted with throat and lung diseases, and having a few of the roots on hand offered to divide with anyone wishing them while my supply lasted, as I did not expect more than eight or ten applications. You may imagine my surprise when the first mail brought me 65 letters, the next 25 or 30, and they kept coming until I received about 300 letters. I have tried to answer them all and have supplied nearly all of them by procuring more of the root. I wish to say to those who have written to me and did not receive the root that they can be supplied now by writing to me. And will also say that I did the best I could for them at that time, and hope that all who tried it found it to be as recommended.—MRS. MARTHA M. COPE, Cassville, Harrison Co., O.

Please publish in the HOUSEHOLD for the benefit of "Meg Merriles," the following recipe to remove grease spots: Alcohol, 4 parts; ammonia, 1 part; ether, ½ part. Mix. Apply the liquid to the grease spot, and then rub diligently with a sponge and clear water. The chemistry of the operation seems to be that the alcohol and ether dissolve the grease, and the ammonia forms a soap with it which is washed out with the water.—N. P.

"Rose Plum," the affection of the wrist, if caused by a sprain, is a weakened sinew, and can be cured by heating it with a knife handle, gently at first, increasing the force as you can endure it. A few minutes each day for six or ten weeks will perfect a cure. If you find your wrists weak a wide leather strap, fitting close and worn constantly for a few weeks, will help greatly to restore its strength.—LOUISE T.

I would like to tell Farmer's wife how I make good black ink. It does not fade and flows freely from the pen, does not affect steel pens.

One oz. extract of logwood, pour over it 2 qts of boiling water and when the extract is dissolved add 1 drachm of yellow chromate of potassa. That is all there is of it, only it may not be put in old ink bottles as other ink decomposes it. Keep it from freezing. The above quantity can be got for 10 cents.—E. HALL.

If the lady afflicted with stiff joints will try dogs' oil well rubbed in I think she will find relief.—A SUBSCRIBER.

I would advise Mrs. M. E. L. to try Diamond Dyes for coloring her carpet rags. I am sure she will be pleased with the result. I have had a very dingy store. Every color with directions for using. I use them in coloring most everything and would prefer them before anything else.—MADALIN.

"Sadie" Brush Valley, Pa., to prevent or cure gaps in chickens, which is worms in the wind pipe, take a horse hair double it and run down the windpipe, give it a turn or two, then pull it out and the worms will come out with it, continue until the windpipe is cleaned.—T. B. T.

Will "Woman's Work or What She Can Do" be published in book form? I hope so. Have been reading the first few columns for its announcement.—MRS. W. Y.

It is the intention of the author to put "Woman's Work" in book form in the near future, but just when cannot now be stated.—ED.

In the April 30 number of the BLADE a question is asked by "Alzada," "whether the same kind of paints that are used in oil painting are used in painting on china or velvet?" I have not seen it answered. I thought I would give her a reply: For china painting use Lacroix's enamel colors, or paints, and then the dishes must be "fired," or baked, to render them permanently colored, if to be used for table purposes. You can paint on china with common oil paints, for ornamental purposes only, or glass and many other things; but they will not be of use for anything but ornaments. The common oil paints are used for velvet or fabrics of all kinds. I would like to learn from some one the art of graining doors, etc., for inside house decoration. Will some one recommend works that treat on the subject or give instruction in the HOUSEHOLD department of the weekly BLADE? I find such a great fund of instruction in that part of the paper! I have read it a good deal, but have just subscribed for it myself. "Alzada" wishes a cure for cold sores also. Here is one that never fails: Equal parts of spirits of hartshorn, spirits of camphor, glycerine and rain-water. Shake before using.—L. M.

Recipes.

Baked White Fish—Scale and freshen the fish nicely, make a dressing of bread and butter, salt and pepper and hot water. Fill the fish with the dressing, lay a narrow strip of white cloth several times around it, bake slowly until nearly done, then pour sweet cream all over it, letting a little run down in the pan. Place in a hot oven to brown; after placing on the platter pour the cream from the pan around it.

Black Ink—¾ lb. ex. logwood; 45 grs. bichromate of potash; 7½ grs. prussiate of potash; dissolve the ex. of logwood and bichromate of potash in ½ gal. of hot, soft water. Add prussiate of potash and boil three minutes. Freezing does not effect this ink. Signed by—ONE WHO HAS TRIED IT.

Chowder—Very fine—½ bushels of green tomatoes, 1 doz. peppers, 1 doz. onions, medium size, 1 pt. salt. Chop very fine, or what is better still, run them through a sausage machine; mix well and let them drain slowly over night, without any weight, as it is tasteless if too dry. Now put some hot water, with just enough vinegar to make it tart, in your granite or tin kettle, (iron will turn it black), scald the mixture of tomatoes, etc., skim it out in your crock, have a syrup ready made of 2 lbs. sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls cinnamon, 1 tablespoonful pepper, cloves and allspices, ½ teacupful of mustard, stirred in cold vinegar; add what vinegar it will need to cover it; boil 20 minutes and pour over it.

Itch.—Give a thorough warm bath, using plenty of good soap; then apply an ointment of: sulphur, 2 ozs.; 8 ozs. hog's lard; ½ oz. carbonate potassium. Apply warm to the whole person, after which go to bed and keep warm. In the morning wash thoroughly in hot water, using plenty of soap. Wash the bedding to remove the sulphur.—G. LESLIE.

To Color Carpet Rags.—Some one wanted to know how to color carpet rags. Here are my recipes:

Blue.—5 lbs. cloth, 8 ozs. copperas, 2 ozs. prussiate potash, 1 oz. oil vitriol, boil in the copperas 20 minutes, then rinse; have the potash scalding hot, dip in the cloth, then air them, then add the vitriol, then dip the cloth and it is done.

Green.—Take blue rags and dip in a yellow dye.

Orange.—Take yellow rags and dip in lime water.

Yellow.—To 1 lb. rags, 2 ozs. bichromate potash, 2 ozs. sugar-lead. Wet the goods thoroughly. First dip in lead, then in potash, then in lead. Keep the solutions separate. I know of no better way to color red and pink than the Diamond dyes. Get the cardinal red on cotton and it will color cotton or wool. Get the cardinal for silk or wool. To color pink, it will not fade much until the carpet has done a good amount of service. I think copperas color is pretty to stock on brown. It is very simple. For about 2 lbs. rags, take 3 ozs. copperas, dissolve in hot water, make some white lye by turning boiling hot water on ashes. Let it settle, turn off the lye, dip first in lye, then in copperas, put on the grass in the sun and it will turn. If not dark enough dip again.

Chili Sauce.—One dozen ripe tomatoes; 2 large onions; 2 ripe peppers; 2 tablespoonfuls of salt; 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar; 1 tablespoonful of cinnamon; 2 cupfuls of vinegar. Boil slowly 2 hours, and strain through a colander, and bottle.—MRS. BUDHOW, Colvin, Dak.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

TOWNSHIEK, IA.	VILLISCA, IND.	VALPARAISO, IND.
Rebecca Hoag	Hattie Peckham	Cora Austin
Clara Smith	M Anderson	Den Stratton
Dora Smith	Etta Richey	Hattie McLellan
Roy Scandrett	Nellie Payne	Edgar Dowdell
Ross Scandrett	Merle Wilson	Maud McKay
M Scandrett	Fred Childs	Ross Dolson
Addie Beatty	L McNaughton	Alice McKay
Robbie Beatty	Fred Jenkins	Harry Huber
Loella Billick	Mattie Patterson	Eliza Wager
Ada T Chapin	Nettie Thomas	Freeman Hallett
Eva L Wolcott	Fred Campbell	Mary Marquart
Charles S Orcutt	Geo Mallery	Rose Drago
Florence E Hays	Effie Jackson	Addie Rumbull
John Hays	Lizzie Clark	Sidney Drago
Roscoe Hoover	Florence Fisher	Clara Miller
Newton Hoover	Irene Johnston	Tressa Pierce
Gay Hoover	Irene White	Harry Herrick
J M Hoover	Emma Skinner	Nettie Dowdell
Milton Dose	Allie Eutsler	Eddie Fernekes
John Dose	Fred Jenkins	Bertha Miller
Chottie Dose.	Mattie Clark	Donald Fox
CARLISLE, IND.	M Mullank	Kittie Warner
Lizzie A Wilson	E Kenworthy	Fred McCallum
Oliver M Wilson	Lizzie Clarke	May Ingraham
Owen S Wilson	Lizzie Jones	Charles Rinkel
Jasper A Wilson	Lulu Cole,	L Martin
Norris Wilson	Anna Toland	Fred Fluellen
Jas N Wilson	Fillie Pulver	Ella Odey
Ira R Watson	Fred Davies	Willie Fox
Maud E Watson	Nellie Thomas	A B Christie
Frank Menifee	Aggie Smith	M McConnahay
Hugh Menifee	B Cockerell	S Mc Gillum
Fannie Menifee	I Vandeventer	Ettie Bailey
Lulie Hines	A Waterman	J G Lapell
Willie Hunter	Burt White	Grace Glover
Carl Harper	Della Jones	Frank Winslow
Belle Cox	Chas Minnick	Jessie Lambert
Anna Stice	T S Johnson	Harry Allsert
Laura Johnson	Blanche Booker	Lizzie McNeice
Mamie Johnson	Olie Andrew	Eddie Skinner
Anna E Cox	Ida M Bullett	Ida M Bullett
Edna Shake	Jessie E Whalen	Erlel Stratton
Ida Jones	Lydia Andrew	Elgie Miller
Bert Ridgway	Nellie Harris	Annie Consk
Elmo Shake	J S Jackson	Chas A Pierce
Mary E Hume.	J Atkinson	Mabel Haste
PLEASANTVILLE, IND.	Nate Smith	Roy Nickel
	M L Taylor	Lulu Galt
Alvin C Payne	Ida Peterson	Claud Dillie
Eva G Payne	A Farnsworth	Jennie Dillie
Lillie Booker	Jessie Logan	Anna M Erams
J H Booker	Forest Hasman	Mattie Axe
Silas Cox	Katie Wade	Lila G Patrick
S Cox	Emma Ruff	Anna Wagor
W J Alsman	Nellie Jenkins	A M Beemer
Effie A Trimble	E Damewood	Ida Mcgee
M Anderson	Edna Kingston	Eva Fleming
Mary A Boon	Ida Holmes	Etta Smith
Anna McCart	Yates Kelly	Anna Kirk
Ida Cammon	Lulu Puver	Frank Snell
Laura Stewart.	Eddie Green	Edith Patrick
ELKTON, DAK.	Mabel Campbell	M Marquart
H Bagley	Bertha Holland	Cora Mabee
Harry M Cornell	V C Preston	Grace Gilbert
Paul R Jackson	Frank Jones	M Thomas
Ralph O Bridgar	Katie Taylor	Ina Martin
Pat Leary	Bettie Victor	Mattie Dillie
Paul H Gratton	Albert Pulver	Eva Bain
Frankie Dressell	Frankie Holland	Mabel Wells
Arthur Dressell	Minnie Mack	Mabel Banta
Custer Madden	Dick Wallace	Allee Winslow
Willie Madden	Richie Burson	Lydia Dalson
David O Conor	Willie Anderson	Nellie Merine
Roy Gratton	Charlie Davis	Nellie Shade
Noah Irsher	Oscar Seibel	Ida Huber
John Thompson	Hattie Seibe	John Perrine
Oscar Peterson	Hilda Johnson	Fred Dillie
Wm Winkas	Austin Minnick	Frank Huber
Roy Plank	Frank Taylor	Eddie Miller
Bessie Bagley	Geo Wallace	Jesse Bowman
Mary Segelon	Hattie Mathiews	Ida Dolson
Gilbert Thomas	Harry Beard	B H Upthegraw
Nettie Bagley	Minnie Posten	Guy Wells
Lucy Winger	Hattie Wade	J Marquart
Fannie Carter	C Hagermister	Mamie Leiben
Bernetta Fuller	Willie Caldwell	Emma Jones
Elmerta Fuller	Mattie Wade	Carrie Carr
Sine Haium	C Hagermaster	Katie Marquart
Meta White	Adrian Taylor	Ida Axe
Perley Peterson	Kittie Fitzgerald	Ida Lytle
Jennie Johnson	A Hagermaster	Mamie Marsh
Bertha Peterson	Frank Cornelius	Jay Hilliard
August Reinke	Hattie Galt	Hattie Galt
C E Thomas	Willie Collier	Bill Kellogg
Rues Badger	John Gardner	Ella Kellogg
JAMES, IA.	Freddie Harris	Jennie Mason
Geo S Noble	Ellis Woodward	Eva Marain
Della Noble	Minnie Cooper	Sadie Sanders
Edna M Noble	J McCartney	Mattie Kellogg
Ruth A Noble	O Billingham	ERNESTES, TENN.
Nellie W Whitney	Mabel Billingham	Hattie Galt
Nellie M Noble	Tessa le Wright	Hattie M Price
STARUCK, MINN	Katie Gourley	Alice Hart
Nellie Baker	Johnnie Gourley	Arthur Doughty
FARMINGTON, WASH. TER.	Belle Burnside	Blanche Doughty
	C Stoddard	Mamie Brown
Frankie Bratlain	Anna Elkins	Lizzie Lane
Leslie Brattain	George Elick	Anna Davidson
Ross Brattain	C Hagermaster	Cora Anderson
Cora Brattain	Charles Shelton	Nellie Brown

Names this week, 321. Total, 11,145.

"NO ONE WILL SEE ME."

"No one will see me," said little John Day,
Far his father and mother were out of the way,
And he was at home all alone;
"No one will see me;" so he climbed on a chair,
And peeped in the cupboard to spy what was there;
Which of course he ought not to have done.

There stood in the cupboard, so sweet and so nice,
A plate of plum-cake in full many a slice,
And apples so ripe and so fine;
"Now, no one will see me," said John to himself
As he stretched out his arm to reach up to the shelf;
"This apple at least shall be mine."

John paused, and put back the nice apple so red,
For he thought of the words his kind mother had said
When she left all these things in his care;
"And no one will see me," though he, "is not true,
For I've read that God sees us in all that we do,
And is with us everywhere."

Well done, John! Your father and mother obey;
Try ever to please them and mind what they say,
Even when they are absent from you;
And never forget that, though no one be nigh,
You cannot be hid from the glance of God's eye,
Who notices all that you do.

—*Rhymes Worth Remembering.*

For the Young Folks.

DORA'S LITERARY.

BY MRS. MINNIE BILLINGS.

It was a cold stormy night in early spring. The snow had been falling at intervals all through the day, until the orchard and garden were covered with a thick soft coverlet of white; while ever and again the gusts of wind whistled round the corners of the old red brick farm-house.

Dora Leslie and her widow mother were in their favorite parlor, seated on either side of the blazing fire, which was shining ruddily from the hearth. Although it was bitter cold without, Leslie was a home-like cheer within. Mrs. Leslie in a low chair sat with a book upon her knee, breathing from its pages the music of some author's soul. Dora with her eyes fixed upon the bright warm carpet was reclining gracefully in the midst of delicate cushions. Quite an hour had passed since her busy hands have unclasped, and there is an expression of sorrow on the sweet child-face, for her thoughts are with the poor and suffering.

Mrs. Leslie was an unobtrusive Christian, with rigid notions of duty, and her little daughter, Dora, inherited her strong religious feelings, which caused many of her playmates to think her eccentric; but her sweet smile and angelic words won the love of all, while the gentle touch of her pretty white hands soothed many an aching brow in the cabins of the lowly.

The old clock strikes ten. Dora rises, goes slowly across the room to the long French windows, over which the curtains were not yet down. The snow had ceased falling, and through the inky darkness glimmered faintly the lights of the village. The sorrow in the earnest brown eyes deepened into compassionate pity as they gazed through the uncurtained panes to the many a humble home in the distance. She returned again to the luxuriant pillows, but her thoughts are still wandering, and presently she rises again, this time taking a low stool by her mother's side. The mother's attention is drawn from her book by the pleading look of those lustrous eyes fixed upon her.

"What is it, Dora?" she says. "Is there anything you want?"

"Mother dear, I have a request to make."

"Very well, darling, anything consistent."

"Mama, I hope you will not think it inconsistent?"

"Well, come pet, what is it?"

"Mama dear," and the musical voice trembled a little, "I have sat all the evening in deep thought, deeper than I am often in. I have thought of a beautiful plan to afford amusement for the poor children who have not the advantage of refined society, and now to add to their means of social amusement, which shall exert a beneficial effect. I want to organize a club, which shall be a sort of a literary society. I will get cousin Dot to help me and with her aid I think we will get along nicely. Don't you think so, mama?"

"What will be your programme?" asked Mrs. Leslie smiling approval.

"The object of the society shall be the improvement of its members in singing, reciting, compositions, reading and selfculture. Its officers shall be president, vice-president, secretary and captain. The meetings shall be held once in two weeks in the south chamber. Mama, I shall have to take some money from my savings bank to furnish books of genteel manners for the members, as I wish every member at the calling of the roll to respond by giving a rule in etiquette. During the entertainment the president must enforce strict order; but at the close if desirable we will spend a few hours in games and sports. The term is to consist of twelve entertainments at which we will close by giving a grand party or picnic. Don't you think the programme splendid, mama?"

"The plan is very good if you and Dot can have the patience and perseverance to carry it out. Such an event as the organization and management of the society may prove a difficult task; but," added Mrs. Leslie, seeing the little girl's disappointed look, "you may try it and the membership shall be as you desire. As the warm season is near at hand, I will fit up the chamber prettily with white draperies and smooth carpets for the society's use, and if the corps of workers are energetic, bidding fair to make the society a prosperous career, I will promise to expend one hundred dollars at the close of the term in a manner which will be very beneficial to the members and profitable to ourselves."

"Thank you darling mama," cried Dora, putting both arms around her mother's neck.

"We will commence at once. I will go for Dot to-morrow and we will select and invite our guests for the organization."

"As you please, love," answered Mrs. Leslie, smiling at her little girl's enthusiasm.

It was a very earnest, happy little girl who drew reins over Snowball, the pony, gliding swiftly over the glistening snow on her way to cousin Dot's that bright, cold morning. The long icicles hung from the eaves of the gray stone houses which lay in picturesque loveliness along the highway; but their familiar beauty called up only a passing pleasure, for Dora's whole mind was concentrated on the anticipated business.

Dora was not long in reaching her cousin's house and leaving Snowball in charge of a servant, she flew up the stone steps and through the long hall to the family sitting-room, where Dot in her red tailor suit was seated in an easy chair reading such a delightful story that she never heard her

The Farm.

Information Wanted.

THE ARNOLD EVAPORATOR.—Please tell me through your very valuable paper if the Arnold evaporator is as good as represented? I see by the paper some society offers to give away directions how to make it, free. But we farmers have been swindled so often that we have not got much confidence left. But we have always found what you recommended to be all right, and think if you know anything about this evaporator you would hear of many of our farmers deciding whether they had better send and get the directions.—DAVID C. CALL, Monroeville, O. [Mr. Lars Arnold, an Illinois fruit grower, at a meeting of the Fruit and Vegetable Growers association of the United States, held at Columbus, O., June 17, 1885, consigned to the association named his right and title to his evaporator, the conditions being that the association procure cuts to illustrate the different parts, and distribute gratuitously among farmers, fruit raisers, etc. It is cheap, and is said by those who have used it to be first-class. The editor can see no possible way by which any one can be swindled by sending for directions, as Mr. Arnold makes the conditions of his consignment an absolute free gift of directions to persons engaged in the pursuits above named. You can have the directions for making this valuable evaporator by sending to W. Orlando Smith, secretary of the association mentioned, postoffice box 104, Alliance, Ohio. Mrs. M. R. Smith writes the the Farm Department of the BLADE the annexed letter, in praise of the Arnold evaporator:

EDITOR FARM:—Allow me to thank you and all other newspapers who published the action of the Fruit Association who gave away the direction for making Arnold's fruit dryer and evaporator. It will prove a blessing to thousands of families. We sent and got the directions, and thought it was some humbug, but found on trying it that it makes the nicest fruit I ever saw. We have dried strawberries and raspberries and are now drying blackberries, and our early apples, and I told my husband we would write to our paper and tell it how nicely it does the work, and what a relief it is to be able to dry fruit in an hour where we used to fuss with it two or three days in the sun.

INFLAMED EYE.—I have a pony that had a sore thick that is cured, and now the haw or inner lid of the eye is inflamed and runs a thick matter. Please name the disease and the remedy through the BLADE.—H. A. C., Kansas. [Inflamation may result from ammonia arising from the stalls, colds, splinters, hay seeds, ill ventilation, etc. Give the animal of powdered Peruvian bark, half a drachm; extract of belladonna, one drachm, twice a day for three days. Then make up the following eye wash. Take three hen's eggs and break them into a quart of clear, cold rain water; stir until thoroughly mixed. Boil over a slow fire, stirring often. Add half an ounce of sulphate of zinc (white vitriol), continue the boiling for a few minutes, and it is ready to set off. The curd that settles in the bottom, applied to the eye at night, will draw out all fever and soreness. The liquid on top is the best possible eye wash for man or beast. Do not touch the little "washer" in the eye with a lance, nor cut it in any way, as the little "hook" or haw is the only means the horse has of keeping the eye clean. In some cases of inflammation it is well to draw blood from the angular vein, which is seen traversing the face immediately below the eye'—ED.]

FISH COMMISSIONERS.—R. J. Rivers, Amboy, Mich.: [The fish commissioners of Michigan are, J. C. Parker, president, Grand Rapids; W. D. Marks, superintendent, Paris; John H. Bissell and Herschel Whitaker, Detroit; A. J. Kellogg, secretary, Detroit. Write, enclosing stamp for reply, to Mr. Marks. He will gladly give you any needed information.—ED.]

SUCKING COW.—Several parties have written to the BLADE FARM saying they have recipes to prevent cows from sucking themselves, and they will be sent for from 50 to 75 cents each. If these gentlemen have what they say they have, and possesses the virtues they claim for them, it would pay them to advertise in the BLADE. The letters they write are simply advertisements, which cannot be inserted for nothing.

SWOLLEN UDDER—FLAT WHEAT.—Please tell me through your paper what is good for a swollen udder. Please explain how it comes that some wheat lies flat to the ground, while at other places it stands and is all right.—[For garget, give the cow half a pound of salts mixed well in a cupful of molasses. Follow this with two ounces of saltpeter in the drinking water morning and night. Do not give much water, and feed such food as does not produce milk. Bathe the udder with camphorated spirits of camphor, half an ounce; extract of belladonna, two ounces; lard, two ounces; mix well and apply with gentle friction. If the swelling is great, and the weight of the udder painful, support the udder with a broad bandage with holes for the teats and passing over the back. A mesh and hemp lattice may be placed within the udder.—ED.]

FEED FOR COLT.—Will you, or some reader of the BLADE, tell me what is best to feed my colt, and how much and how often. It is six weeks old. The mother is dead. Please answer through the BLADE.—WM. PARMER, Roxbury, Conn. [Feed it cow's milk, and corn meal gruel. Put about a tablespoonful of blanched meal in each quart of gruel. Feed at least three times a day.—ED.]

RUPTURED COLT.—I have a colt three weeks old that is ruptured. Will this injure him or will it disappear as he grows? I think he was foaled so. Is there any cure for navicular disease? Is a horse that is afflicted with this disease more apt to sweeney in the shoulder, and if so, is the sweeney more apt to come than sweeney in ordinary cases? I have a horse that is afflicted with navicular disease and he is also sweenied and all remedies so far have failed to cure even the sweeney. [You should have the services of a veterinary to attend to your colt. The question of navicular disease has been fully discussed in the BLADE within the past few months. See BLADE of July 15. The sweeney is the result of the disease in the foot. The shoulder will be healthy when the disease in the foot is overcome.—ED.]

NORMAN COLT.—I have a Norman colt, foaled last night. It is unable to get up on account of stiffness in pastern joints of front feet. Those joints can be bent backwards but will not bend forward enough to be straight, otherwise the colt is all right; no relation between mother and sire; mother has been fed grass and oats, and well cared for. Please tell me what to do or if anything can be done?—R. W. LINDSEY, Belmont, O. [The editor frequently receives letters asking about cases like the above. To all such he replies, "Let the colt alone." Handle it carefully until the tendons become firm and the bones strengthen. It is no unusual thing for colts to be weak as stated. If you find in two or three weeks that the colt cannot walk, (but we think it will be all right) write again giving condition, etc.—ED.]

MILDEW IN GRAPES.—A subscriber asks for a remedy for mildew in grapes. The New England *Homestead* gives this:

"Sulphur is the remedy used for the mildew in California vineyards with great success. Prof. Hilgard recommends dusting on the sulphur (either the ground or sublimated article) while the leaves are moist with dew. The powder then remains adherent to the leaves instead of being blown away by the wind; and thus the disinfecting action is maintained for a length of time, as it is necessary it should be, since the effect is not instantaneous, but depends upon the gradual formation of sulphur vapor. The latter is formed more or less at all ordinary temperatures, as is obvious from the well-known odor, which is especially striking when a sulphured vine is under hot sunshine. There is not, as has been erroneously stated, any combustion under these conditions, and therefore no generation of the 'sulphurous gas' which serves as a disinfectant in wine cellars. Moreover, any particles of sulphur lodging on the soil and becoming mixed with it becomes useless so far as the formation of sulphur vapor is concerned, because that vapor is promptly absorbed by the soil. Only relatively large masses of sulphur falling on the ground can exert any effect on the vine; but whatever lodges on the head or in the crotches of the stock will, to the extent of its surface exposure, contribute to the formation of the disinfecting vapor. For young vines the dredge is most convenient; on older ones the bellows have a positive provision for agitating the sulphur powder within if preferable; without such provision the distribution is very uneven and wasteful." For mildew or rot, a correspondent of the *Western Agriculturist* gives the annexed recipe: "Procure one pound of 'blue stone,' dissolve it in 100 pounds of water, (12½ gallons,) and spray the foliage and fruit as soon as mildew or rot appears, and keep on spraying once a week, as long as the foliage remains green. This blue stone solution will also prove beneficial to all plants affected in a similar way, and its use is recommended to the amateur flower grower, when he or she sees their favorites attacked. It is also presumably a remedy against potato mildew and rot, or at any rate deserves to be tried on both."

CHEWS ITS MOTHER'S TAIL.—I would like for some one to tell me what to do with my colt to keep it from chewing its mother's tail? It is two weeks old, is very healthy, has just got to chewing the mare's tail the last few days.—CHARLES YOUNG, Cheriton, Pa. [Veterinary Surgeon McBain, of this city, says that as the colt is cutting teeth, it bites its mother's tail to relieve the pain. Scarifing the gums a little with a sharp knife will relieve the pain and the colt will cease to chew its mother's tail. The old remedy used to be to drench the mare's tail in water in which there is a bitter but not injurious thing.—ED.]

LAMPAS.—I have a horse that has the lampas so bad he can hardly eat corn. Will the editor or some kind reader of the BLADE give me a recipe through the BLADE that will cure him without the use of knife or the cruel practice of burning? It will confer on a subscriber a great favor. I am a close observer of the Farm department, and haven't seen any recipe for lampas in horses.—S. A. KIERSEY, Burlington, Iowa. [Lampas are so called from the red appearance of the part, from the Greek lampas, a torch, is an active congestion, which never proceeds beyond that condition, of the upper gum and palate, immediately behind the upper incisor teeth. Most veterinaries recommend scarifying the gums with a sharp lance. Burning them is not resorted to now as much as formerly. If you will give your horse the following: powdered aloes, five ounces; powdered ginger, one drachm; soft soap sufficient to make a ball, and give it to the animal; and, after it has worked off, give him soft food and ten days' rest, he will no doubt come out all right. A warm bran mash two or three times during the ten days will be a good thing. Corn is too hard and exciting. —ED.]

Answers to Inquiries.

TO KILL HEDGE SPROUTS.—I saw an inquiry as to how to kill hedge sprouts. Tell the enquirer to cut them on the day the moon is full in August, and he will have no bother with them.—C. A. H.

Big Yields.

EDITOR FARM:—As a constant reader of your excellent paper I see an extract from a Kentucky paper that Mr. Montgomery of that state has raised a great crop of oats (200 dozen bushels) from two bushels sowing. Mr. M. has never been in Wasco county at harvest or he would never have written that. I will tell you what I have done in Wasco county. I shelled one and counted the grains of one bunch of wheat that I took from one grain. There were 6,104 grains. It was the common Canada club. There were 115 good heads and there have been counted 175 heads from one grain. I counted one bunch of wheat that had 235 stalks, but they were not all well headed. —RILEY BRATTAN, Rutledge, Oregon.

Items of Interest for Everybody Boiled Down.

EDITOR FARM:—Give a tablespoonful of salt in a wine glass of vinegar; repeat the dose if necessary. Give them exercise.

Scratches.—Melt lard and verdigris together in equal parts by weight and rub it well in, after cleansing the part thoroughly.

Canada Thistles.—Cut at any time in hot weather and kerosene poured on the roots will kill them every time.

Onions.—Sow onion seed this month on rich land, and let them grow wild and stand until fall. Then harvest them to use as sets in the spring for early onions.

Insecticide.—A tobacco decoction for destroying insects cannot be too strong. In solutions use ¼ lb. of hellibore to the gallon; pynethrum, 2 tablespoonful; paris green, 1 oz. to 6 gals. of water, or 1 lb. to 100 gals.; carbolic acid, or London purple, use in the same proportion.

Squash Bugs.—A tablespoonful of paris greeen in 4 gals. of water, applied on the under side of the leaves is certain death to the bugs, but applied on the upper side is of little effect.

Egg-eaters.—Let a frame of three inches in depth be made to fit in the top of the nest box. On this frame tag bagging loosely so it will sag down in the center, and form a place for the eggs to lay. Then cut a small slit in the cloth, and each egg will disappear through the cut into the nest below as soon as it is laid.

Cucumbers.—To put down cucumbers, take 1 qt. of salt, 10 qts. of water, 2 tablespoonfuls each of ground pepper and pulverized alum; pour boiling hot water over the cucumbers, let them stand until the water is cold, then wash them and put them in the brine. Put a cloth and weight on them to keep them under the brine.

Willows.—To kill willows, peel them early in spring.

Liniment.—One oz. of oreanum oil, 2 ozs. of lobelia tinct., 1 oz. of hartshorn, ½ oz. of oil of sassafras, all put into 4 oz. of alcohol—a wine glass when wanted. This liniment is good for man or beast, and will remove galls or calouses; also bunches on horses' breasts, and corns on a person's feet and is good for rheumatism.

Kicking cow.—Throw a rope (half-inch) over the cow's back, just back of the forward legs, and tie in one end; take the other end slip through the loop and draw is tight. For a very bad kicker twist a stick in the rope.

Whitewash.—To 5 gals. whitewash made of well burned lime, add ¾ gal. whiting, ¼ lb. lead sugar, 1½ qts. rice flour, made into a thin and well baked paste, and ½ lb. of glue. Dissolve in water and apply warm.—J. D. LESSUR, Lansing, Mich.

Ruin in the Hop Fields.

The excitement in the hop market continues. In New York City brewers are taking hold with freedom, offers of 25 to 27c per pound for fine grades having been made and refused. In Boston, while small lots of choice quality 1885 Pacifics were sold at 24 to 25c, a contract for several hundred bales of 1886 Pacifics was turned over at 30c, bids of 28c being refused for large lots. In the country markets there is renewed excitement, 28c having been paid in Waterville for choice 1885's on the 14th, with 30c refused for 1886's and 25's selling at 26c. in Franklin county. London cables on the 14th were of strong markets there, with Americans quoted at 80 shillings for choice and 70 shillings for medium grades. American hops have been bought in the London market, to be reshipped to New York, although the duty is heavy, having been picked up during the latter part of June. The London market is now reported as virtually stripped of American hops.

The condition of the yards seems to be going from bad to worse. Every field in the hop-producing districts of Central New York is reported as being overrun with lice and honey-dew, while the leaves look as if they were varnished.

A representative of the Utica *Herald* last week visited the hop territory of Oneida county, traversing ground almost wholly devoted to hop-raising, and typical of the yards all over the state, for the purpose of ascertaining what amount of damage had been done. He says that, in the portion of the state visited, there are no yards not affected by lice and honey-dew, and that nothing like the numbers and universal prevalence of vermin was ever known before in this country. He saw them lying in fields affected most, clustered around the wire and the base of the leaf stalks exactly like a swarm of bees, two inches long and half an inch deep. In such yards, he found the vines looking as if they had been stripped by fire of all their leaves. A small yard, apparently in fair condition on July 3, was, he says, completely ruined on the 10th, when the poles were taken up and stacked. The string yards, many of them, seemed to him to be literally drying up, the sap being all taken out of the vines, which contained, he thought, not enough vitality to produce any hops, even if the vermin should all disappear *en masse*.

A number of experiments, he learned, had been tried to ward off or drive away the vermin, but without success.—*Country Gentleman.*

Texas Farmers Fleeing from the Drouth.

FORT WORTH, Tex., July 23.—Throughout yesterday wagons loaded with families and their effects from the western counties were streaming through the city. They are fleeing from the drouth prevailing in the western counties, and have come here in quest of work. They give most gloomy accounts of the condition of crops and the lack of water for stock. It has not rained in some of these drouth-stricken counties for over a year. Hundreds of families are abandoning their cattle and homes, and going eastward to keep from starving to death. The situation is critical. Rain seldom falls in this drouthy district during August, and by the time rain comes it is feared there will be nothing left in the country.

Memorial Services in Honor of David Davis.

BLOOMINGTON, Ill., July 26.—Memorial services were held yesterday at the First Presbyterian church in memory of David Davis. The church was crowded to its full capacity, and in the congregation were many of the foremost people of this city. The services were conducted by the pastor, and his address was a beautiful review of the exemplary life and exalted character of the dead Senator. Letters were read from Sen. Logan, Roscoe Conkling, and Judge Rockwell, of Lenox, Mass.

Hog Cholera or Milk Sickness.

PANA, Ill., July 21.—The hog cholera, or the disease commonly called milk sickness, is raging among the swine running at large in the timber country south of here. Some farmers have lost every hog they owned. Cattle, also, have been attacked in some localities where the disease always rages when it shows itself at all. The cattle die, and people are attacked who use the milk and flesh of sick animals.

DR. TALMAGE AT ASHEVILLE, N. C.

How Everybody Must be Measured by the Rule He Uses on Others—Charity to be Exercised—The Influence of Heredity Upon Character.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., July 25.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., is here at this great summer watering place spending a few days. Vast throngs from all the surrounding regions came in to attend the religious service to-day. After singing and prayer and Scripture exhortation, Dr. Talmage preached a sermon on the subject, "Measured by Your Own Yardstick." The text was from Matthew vii, 2: "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." Dr. Talmage said:

In the greatest sermon ever preached—a sermon about fifteen minutes long according to the ordinary rate of speech—a sermon on the Mount of Olives, the preacher sitting while he spoke, according to the ancient mode of oratory, the people were given to understand that the same yard-stick that they employed upon others would be employed upon themselves. Measure others by a harsh rule and you will not be measured by a charitable rule. Give no mercy to others and no mercy will be given to you. "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

There is a great deal of unfairness in the criticism of human conduct. It was to smite that unfairness that Christ uttered the words of the text, and my sermon will be a re-echo of the divine sentiment. In estimating the misbehavior of others we must take into consideration the pressure of circumstances. It is never right to do wrong, but there are degrees of culpability. When men misbehave or commit some atrocious wickedness we are disposed indiscriminately to inundate them all over the bank of condemnation. Suffer they ought and suffer they must, but in difference of degree.

In the first place, in estimating the misdoings of others we must take into calculation the hereditary tendency. There is such a thing as good blood and there is such a thing as bad blood. There are families that have had a moral twist in them for a hundred years back. They have not been careful to keep the family record in that regard. There have been escapades and marauddings and scoundrelisms and moral defects all the way back, whether you call it kleptomania or anything from dipsomania, or whether it be in a milder form, and amount to no mania at all. The strong probability is that the present criminal started life with nerve, muscle, and bone contaminated. As some start life with a natural tendency to nobility and generosity, and kindness and truthfulness, there are others who start life with just the opposite tendency, and they are born liars, or born malcontents, or born outlaws, or born swindlers.

There is in England a school that is called the Princess Mary school. All the children in that school are the children of convicts. The school is supported by high patronage. I had the pleasure of being present at one of their anniversaries, in 1879, presided over by the Princess Mary. By a wise law in England, after parents have committed a certain number of crimes and thereby shown themselves incompetent to rightly bring up their children, the little one are taken from under pernicious influences and put in reformatory schools, where all gracious and kindly influences shall be brought upon them. Of course the experiment is young, and it has got to be demonstrated how large a percentage of the children of convicts may be brought up to respectability and usefulness. But we all know that it is more difficult for children of bad parentage to do right than for children of good parentage.

In this country we are not born equal. Declaration of American Independence, that all people are born equal. There was never a greater misrepresentation put in one sentence, which implies that we are all born equal. You may as well say flowers are born equal, or trees are born equal, or animals are born equal. Why does one horse cost $400 and another horse cost $50,000? Why does one sheep cost $10 and another sheep cost $500? Difference in blood. We are wise enough to recognize the difference of blood in horses, in cattle, in sheep, but we are not wise enough to make allowance for the difference in the human blood.

No I demand, by the law of eternal fairness, that you be more lenient in your criticism of those who were born wrong, in whose ancestral line there was a hangman's knot, or who came from a tree the fruit of which for centuries has been gnarled and worm eaten. Dr. Parrs, a reformer, gave some marvelous statistics in his story of what he called "Margaret, the Mother of Criminals." Ninety years ago she lived in a village in upper New York state. She married and her home was very vicious. She was not well provided for. There were no almshouses there. The public, however, somewhat looked after her, but chiefly scoffed at her, and derided her, and pushed her further down in her crimes.

Then 90 years ago. There have been 623 persons in that ancestral line, 200 of them criminals. In one branch of that family there were twenty and nine of them have been in state prison and nearly all of the others have turned out badly. It is estimated that that family cost the county and state $1,250,000, to say nothing of the property, when destroyed, burned, or willing, as sensible people, to acknowledge that it is a fearful disaster to be born in such an ancestral line? Does it not make a great difference whether one descends from Margaret, the mother of criminals, or from some mother in Israel; whether you are the son of Ahab, or the son of Joshua?

It is a very different thing to swim with the current, from what it is to swim against the current, as some of you have no doubt found in your summer recreation. If a man find himself in an ancestral current where there is good blood flowing through the generations, if, generation after generation, it is not a very great credit to him if he turn out good, and honest, and pure, and noble. He could hardly help it. But suppose he is born in an ancestral line in a hereditary line, where the influences have been bad, and there has been a coming down hereditarily, and a man is born, a man surrender to the influences he will go down under the overmastering gravitation unless some supernatural aid be afforded him. Now, such a person deserves not your execration, but your pity. Do not sit with the lip curled in scorn, and with an assumption of superior innocence publish him down upon such moral precipitation. You had better get down on your knees and fist pray Almighty God for their rescue, and next thank the Lord that you have not been thrown under the wheels of that juggernaut.

In Great Britain and in the United States, in every generation, there are tens of thousands of people who go into jail, are deposed criminals and incarcerated. I say in every generation. Then, I suppose, there are tens of thousands of persons not found out in their criminality. In addition to these there are tens of thousands of persons who, not positively becoming criminals, nevertheless have a criminal tendency. Any one of all those thousands is on the race of God may become Christian and resist the ancestral influence, and open a new chapter of behavior; but the vast majority of them will not, and it becomes all men, professional, unprofessional, ministers of religion, judges of courts, philanthropists, and Christian workers, to recognize the fact that there are these Atlantic and Pacific surges of hereditary evil rolling on through the centuries.

I say, of course, a man can resist this tendency, just as in the ancestral line mentioned in the first chapter of Matthew. You see in the same line in which there was a wicked Rehoboam and a desperate Manasses, there afterward came a pious Joseph and a glorious Christ. But, my friends, you must recognize the fact that these influences go on from generation to generation. I am glad to know, however, that a river which has produced nothing but miasma for a hundred miles, may after a while turn the wheels of factories, and help support industrious and virtuous populations; and there are family lines which were poisoned that are a benediction now.

At the last day it will be found out that there are men who have gone clear over into all forms of iniquity and plunged into other abandonment, who before they yielded to the first temptation, resisted more evil than many a man who has been moral and upright all his life. But, supposing now, that in this age when there are so many good people, that I come down into this audience and select the very best man in it. I do not mean the man who would style himself the best, for probably he is a hypocrite; but I mean the man who before God is really the best.

I will take you out from all your Christian surroundings. I will take you back to boyhood. I will put you in a depraved home. I will put you in a cradle of iniquity. Who is that bending over that cradle? An intoxicated mother. Who is that swearing in the next room? Your father. The neighbors come in to talk, and their jokes are unclean. There is not in the house a Bible or a moral treatise, but only a few scraps of an old pictorial. After awhile you are old enough to get out of the cradle, and you are struck across the head for naughtiness, but never in any kindly manner reprimanded.

After awhile you are old enough to go abroad, and you are sent out with a basket to steal. If you come home without any spoil you are whipped until the blood comes. At fifteen years of age you go out to fight your own battles in this world, which seems to care no more for you than the dog that has died with a fit under the fence. You are kicked and cuffed and buffeted. Some day, rallying your courage, you resent some wrong. A man says: "Who are you? I know who you are. Your father had free lodgings at Sing Sing. Your mother, she was up for drunkenness at the criminal court. Get out of my way, you low-lived wretch!" My brother, suppose that had been the history of your advent, and the history of your earlier surroundings, would you have been the Christian man you are to-day, seated in this Christian assembly? I tell you nay. You would have been a vagabond, an outlaw, a murderer on the scaffold, atoning for your crime. All these considerations ought to make us merciful in our dealings with the wandering and the lost.

Again, I have to remark, that in our estimate of the misdoing of people who have fallen from high respectability and usefulness, we must take into consideration the conjunction of circumstances. In nine cases out of ten the man who goes astray does not intend any positive wrong. He has trust funds. He risks a part of the funds in investment. He says: "Now, if I should lose the investment I have of my own property five times as much, and if this investment should go wrong I could easily make it up; I could five times make it up." With that wrong reasoning he goes on and makes the investment, and, strange to say, at the same time all his other affairs get entangled, and all his other resources fail, and his hands are tied.

Now he wants to extricate himself. He goes a little farther on the wrong investment. He takes a plunge farther ahead, for he wants to save his wife and children, he wants his home, he wants to save his membership in the church. He takes one more plunge and all is lost. Some morning at 10 o'clock the bank door is not opened, and there is a card on the door signed by an officer of the bank, indicating there is trouble, and the name of the defaulter or the defrauder heads the newspaper column, and hundreds of men say: "Good for him;" hundreds of other men say: "I'm glad he's found out at last," hundreds of other men say: "Just as I told you," hundreds of other men say: "We couldn't possibly have been tempted to do that—no conjunction of circumstances could ever have overthrown me;" and there is a superabundance of indignation but no pity.

Heavens full of lightning, but not one drop of dew. If God treated us as society treats that man are we not all in hell long ago! Wait for the alleviating circumstances. Perhaps he may have been the dupe of others. Before you let all of the hounds out of their kennel to maul and tear that man, find out if he has not been brought up in a commercial establishment where there was a wrong system of ethics taught, and out whether that man has not an extravagant wife, who is not satisfied with his honest earnings, and in the temptation to please her he has gone into that ruin into which enough men have fallen, and by the same temptation, to make a procession of many miles.

Perhaps some sudden sickness may have touched his brain, and his judgment may be unbalanced. He is wrong, he is very wrong, but he may be not responsible, and there may be mitigating circumstances. Perhaps under the same temptation you may have fallen. The reason some men do not steal $200,000 is because they do not get a chance! Have righteous indignation you must about that man's conduct, but temper it with mercy. But you say, "I am so sorry that the innocent should suffer." Yes, I am too—sorry for the widows and orphans who lost their all by that defalcation. I am sorry also for the business men, the honest business men, who have had their affairs all crippled by that defalcation. I am sorry for the western banks, prudent to whom the credit of that bank was a matter of pride. Yes, I am sorry also for that man who brought all the distress; sorry that he sacrificed body, mind, soul, reputation, heaven, and went into the blackness of darkness forever.

You defiantly say: "I could not be tempted in that way." Perhaps you may be tested after awhile. God has a very good memory, and he sometimes seems to say: "This man feels so strong in his innate power and goodness he shall be tested; he is so full of bitter invective against that unfortunate it shall be shown how whether he has the power to stand." Fifteen years ago. The wheel of fortune turns several times, and you are in a crisis that you never could have anticipated. Now, all the powers of darkness come around, and they chuckle, and they chatter, and they say: "Aha! here is the old fellow who was so proud of his integrity, and who dragged his children's name through by temptation, and was so uproarious in his demonstrations of indignation at the defalcation fifteen years ago. Let us see."

God lets the man go. God, who had kept that man under his protecting care, lets the man go and try for himself the majesty of his integrity. God letting the man go, the powers of darkness pounce upon him. I see you some day in your office in great excitement. One of two things you can do. You can repent, be unpurified and have your children brought home from school, your family dethroned in social influence. The other thing is, you can step a little aside from that which is right, you can go only half an inch out of the proper path, you can only take a little risk, and then you have all your finances fair and right. Your whole property is safe. You can leave your fortune for your children, and endow a college, and build a public library in your native town.

You halt and wait, and halt and wait until your lips set white. You decide to risk it. Only a few strokes of the pen now! But oh, how your hand trembles; how dreadfully it trembles! The die is cast. You have committed most awful conjunction of circumstances any one could have imagined, you are prostrated. Bankruptcy, commercial annihilation, exposure, crime. Good men mourn and devils hold carnival, and you see your own name at the head of the newspaper column in a whole congress of exclamation points; and while good men are reading the announcements in the reporterial and editorial paragraph it occurs to you how much the story is like that of the defalcation fifteen years ago, and a clap of thunder shakes the window-sill, saying: "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again."

Oh, my friends, let us be resolved to scold less and pray more! That which in the Bible is used as the symbol of all gracious influences is the dove, not the porcupine. We may so unskillfully manage the lifeboat that we shall run down those whom we want to rescue. The first preparation for Christian usefulness is sympathetic common sense, practical sympathy for those whom we want to save. What headway will we make in the judgment if in this world we have been hard on those who have gone astray? What headway will you and I make in the last great judgment, when we must be merciful or perish? The Bible says: "They shall have judgment without mercy that showed no mercy." I see the scribes of Heaven looking up into the face of such a man, saying:

"What! you plead for mercy, you, who in all your life never had any mercy on your fellows! Don't you remember how hard you were in the questions of those who were astray? Don't you remember when you ought to have given a helping hand you employed a hard heel? Mercy! You mis-speak yourself when you ask for mercy here. Mercy for others but no mercy for you. Look," say the scribes of heaven, "look at that inscription over the throne of judgment, the inscription of God's judgment." See it coming out letter by letter, word by word, sentence by sentence, until your startling vision reads it and your remorseful spirit appropriates it: "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again. Depart, ye cursed!"

News of the Week.

TAR AND CREOSOTE.

A Dayton Blonde's Rough Experience at Troy, Ohio.

TROY, O., July 21.—Mrs. Sullivan, the wife of Theodore Sullivan, a prominent grand army man and politician, suspecting her husband of infidelity, employed detectives to watch him. She learned that he was at the house of Ida Hamilton, a young and beautiful blonde of Dayton, and proceeded last night with her 10 year-old son and two of her friends to the house. She gained an entrance to the second story by means of a ladder at the rear of the building. Sullivan's son knocked on the bed-room door, and said he had a note for Miss Hamilton. She replied that she did not receive messages at that time of night. Mrs. Sullivan and her party then broke in the door and found Sullivan there and Miss Hamilton standing in the middle of the room. Sullivan quickly dressed and left to escape the precautions of the party, and the wife and son soon departed also. Physicians were summoned by Miss Hamilton at once, but when the tar cooled it could not be cleaned from her once beautiful head of hair, and her hair was clipped off close to the scalp. In this plight and almost blinded she returned to her home in Dayton this morning. She is a pitiable sight. She will make an appeal to the courts for redress. Public sympathy is with Mrs. Sullivan, who will at once institute proceedings for divorce.

STRUCK A WHALE.

A Sleeping Whale, 80 Feet Long, Cut in Two by a Steamer.

NEW YORK, July 23.—The Netherland steamer Waesland, which left Antwerp on the 11th and arrived here yesterday morning, reports that at noon on the second day out, and just after the Waesland left the channel, a whale was seen floating on the water directly in the vessel's course. The command was made to avoid it, as the natural impression was that it would get out of the way of its own accord. It declined to move, however, being fast asleep, most likely, and the steamer's sharp iron bows struck full and fair about midway of its length.

There was a perceptible shock to the vessel, and an immediate checking of her progress. Passengers and deckhands ran forward to see what was the cause of the trouble, and found that the whale, which was fully 80 feet long, had been cut half in two, and lay dead and fast caught on the bows. It was necessary to stop the ship and back off to disengage the carcass, which, when freed, drifted astern.

None of the officers of the ship had ever witnessed a similar occurrence, although it is by no means an unheared of one. Ships have struck sleeping whales before, and on several occasions have suffered damage from the collision.

BAYARD'S BACKBONE.

He Orders the Immediate Release of an Editor.

EL PASO, TEX., July 21.—Judge Brigham, the American consul at Paso Del Norte, has received a dispatch from Sec. Bayard to demand the unconditional release of A. K. Cutting, the American editor who has been confined in the prison for the publication of an article in the Elpaso papers reflecting on a Mexican citizen.

The consul had already demanded his release, and was ridiculed by the court officers. Excitement has been high, and frequent threats of forming a mob to release Cutting are made. The town is rejoicing over the news of the action of Sec. Bayard. It is impossible to get anything authentic as the result of Consul Brigham's demand. It is rumored that the Mexican judge refused to release him without a bond.

A Postmaster in a Bad Scrape.

COLUMBUS, Kan., July 24.—Hugh Gavagan, postmaster at this place, has been found guilty of conspiracy to blow up the county Court house, and thus destroy the records of certain land frauds. Sentence has not been fixed. Gavigan's bondsmen have taken charge of the post office. Several other conspirators await trial. Among those who were arrested was R. H. Lawton, who was reteutly reported to have died or suicided in a Cincinnati hotel. There are many who believe Lawton is alive and scheming to obtain life insurance on false reports.

PHILADELPHIA has raised $17,000 for the erection of a suitable memorial to Gen. Grant in Fairmount Park.

A FORTUNATE WOMAN.

Old Ladies Guying Cleveland—Amusing Incidents at Albany—The President and Gov. Hill Contrasted—Sec. Manning Improving Rapidly.

NEW YORK, July 24.—Several amusing incidents occurred at the reception in the senate chamber at Albany, Thursday night. Several elderly ladies, whom nobody knew, sidled up to the President, giving their names to Newton Martin Curtis, who acted as general introducer.

"I hope Mrs. Cleveland is quite well," said one.

"She is quite well, thank you," replied the President, good-naturedly.

"She is a very fortunate woman," chipped in another, laconically.

The President blushed and smiled.

"What a shame you could not bring her. She would have enjoyed it so much," croaked the third elderly lady, while manifestations of impatience began to appear along the line, which was blocked, while the President shifted his foot uneasily.

"Yes," whined the last elderly lady, "the journey was, no doubt, too long for the dear child."

"Ladies, you will have to move on," declared Master of Ceremonies Curtis.

The procession moved on, and the President resumed his hand-shaking. Invidious distinctions were made along the line of march in the matter of applause. That for the President was sincere and emphatic; that for Gov. Hill was vociferous, and almost continuous. The ladies favored the President; the masses, men in working clothes particularly, clamored for the governor. The President invariably tipped his hat when the applause was above the average. The governor sat a stolc, and acknowledged only the cheers which welcomed at almost every street corner.

"Why don't you take off your hat?" asked an urchin of the state's executive. "Look how his nibs does it." This quotation from the Hon. Timothy Campbell's allusion to the President produced the most uproarious merriment.

One of the best instances of the President's phlegmatic character was shown during the performance at the rink. The exercises, late in beginning, were stretched to a length far beyond the original estimate. The governor had set his dinner hour at 6, and had particularly requested his guests to be punctual. The cooking arrangements in his temporary home are not so perfect or convenient as in his old house, which is now undergoing extensive alterations and improvements, and his impatience and annoyance were not concealed.

"Keep cool, governor," said the President; "don't stew and fret over the unavoidable. The delay will only stimulate our appetites."

"That," said a witness to the writer, "explains the true secret of the President's success in everything he undertakes. He allows nothing to ruffle or disturb him."

The politicians are already beginning to make comparisons between Gov. Hill and the President. While these two distinguished gentlemen were together, politics were not discussed. When the President declared his intention of calling upon Sec. Manning for the second time, Sec. Whitney spoke up. "I would very much like to see the secretary," he said.

"Come ahead," cheerily responded the President. "There is nothing secret. I only want to make another call on him before returning to Washington."

Sec. Manning has improved very much since his arrival here. He has taken the greatest interest in the crowds of people, and has watched them from his parlor windows. The President's two calls, brief as they necessarily were, had an inspiriting effect upon the secretary. He is much brighter and stronger than at any time during his illness. Those who profess to know, declare that he has not mentioned politics since he has been in Albany, and that was one of the topics carefully avoided during Thursday's interview.

BISHOP'S BABY BRIDE.

The Bridegroom Aged Seventy, and the Bride Nine Years.

GREENSBURG, Ky., July 21.—Clem Bishop, aged 70, was married on Monday to Retta Boston, his ward, aged not over 9. Bishop is a backwoods doctor and preacher, possibly without diploma or license. His wife died two weeks ago, and the neighbors threatened to take Retta from him this girl, whom he had adopted. To thwart them, he procured a license and was married by David Judd. He presented a certificate from the girl to obtain the license that she was 27 years of age. The official who gave the license suspected something wrong, sent a messenger to recall it, but he reached the place just after the marriage ceremony had been performed.

Taken Before the Grand Jury—Threats of Lynching Bishop.

GREENSBURG, Ky., July 23.—The child bride was brought to town last night and lodged at Toomey's hotel. This morning she was taken before the Grand jury. Before the jury she appeared abashed, never having faced a body of men before. Her testimony was not of any importance, and her answers were altogether childish. Deputy Coroner Benton was sent for her, and found her in Hart county, near Conmer, where she had been taken by old man Bishop. The old scoundrel, who married her, could not be found, as he knows he will be in the neighborhood. The Grand jury had the child examined by physicians, and they found that she had been undoubtedly tampered with. To the doctors the child admitted the attempted approaches of Bishop.

These sickening details cannot be given. Suffice it to say that Bishop, a man 70 years of age, married under false pretenses this child, known to be only 7 years 4 months and 15 days old, for the most fiendish purposes. Retta Boston, or Bishop, as she calls herself, is slight build, small for her age, with dark eyes. Intellectually, she is bright. She is 45 inches in height. Intense excitement was created when the facts in the case were learned, and had Bishop been in reach no doubt he would have been speedily hung. None of his acquaintances or friends can offer any palliating circumstances for his strange conduct, on insanity or second childhood is entertained.

A rumor reached here to-day that a crowd from the Russell Creek country was on the old Bishop's track, and if overtaken his trial will be very speedy. An indictment has been issued against him. David Judd, the preacher who solemnized the rites of matrimony, was brought in on a bench warrant to-night, and will testify before the grand jury to-morrow. He is a very old man, and very feeble. He says he married them according to law, except filling up the marriage certificate. He will be elected for perjury if a girl under legal age. The limit of the law is twelve months in jail and $1,000 fine in such cases. An attempt will be made to place the unfortunate little girl in an orphan asylum. Boston found the record of her birth, and her age as given above is entirely correct.

CRUELTY AT SEA.

A Captain and Mate Under Arrest, Charged with Murder.

NEW BEDFORD, Conn., July 21.—A terrible story of cruelty, murder, and mutiny on board the bark Petrel, of this port, comes from Auckland, where the captain and others are under arrest. The crew say that from the outset of the voyage they did not get sufficient food and were subjected to all kinds of cruelties. The cooper was repeatedly beaten and kicked by the captain and mate. One of the mates amused himself by pulling out a handful of the man's whiskers. On more than one occasion the cooper was stripped by order of the mate, and sailors were compelled to rub his skin off with bricks and sand. One of the poor fellow's legs was swollen till it was fully eighteen inches in diameter. When he finally died there was scarcely a sound spot on his body.

All the sailors were frequently kicked and beaten by the captain and officers

WASHINGTON.

CONGRESS'S CLOSE COMING.

A Majority Apparently Determined that Only Appropriation Bills Shall Be Finished Before Adjournment.

WASHINGTON, July 25.—Congress will undoubtedly adjourn at 12 o'clock noon on Monday, August 2. The leaders of both houses have so assured representatives of the press, and the condition of unfinished business makes it easy, in consideration of the general anxiety for it. Only four appropriation bills besides the river and harbor bill remain unfinished. The sundry civil bill has passed the Senate, and the general deficiency bill is pending there; the legislative, executive and judicial is in conference, and the fortifications is in the Senate committee. The river and harbor bill has met with a failure of the conference committee to agree.

Mr. Regan intends to embrace every opportunity in the House to call up his interstate commerce bill, which is now unfinished business, and the probabilities are that it will occupy much of the time when there is not an appropriation bill for discussion. Conference reports will be made half up in both houses, and will create more or less debate. Parliamentary tactics will be resorted to for the purpose of wasting time between the reports on appropriation bills. There seems to be a determination by a majority made up from both sides that nothing but the completion of appropriation bills shall be done before adjournment, and that filibustering shall be the order at any time.

The Senate will work upon the appropriation bills, the naval reconstruction, and the Morrison surplus resolution, and will have secret sessions on two or more days. Instead of filibustering or adjourning over from day to day or hour to hour, as in the House, the Senate will occupy the spare moments in secret session on nominations. It is intended that all or nearly all of the appropriation bills shall reach the President by Saturday, and if there are unexpected delays the session will continue through next Sunday, as most of the Senators and Representatives have arranged their departure on the basis of an adjournment next Monday.

THE PAYNE CASE.

Sen. Hoar's Report on the Payne Case.

WASHINGTON, July 21.—The report made by Sen. Hoar to the committee on Privileges and Elections upon the contested election held by the Ohio legislature in the Payne case, which material Mr. Hoar, as sub committee, examined and analyzed, has been submitted. In it he says:

There was evidence tending to show that Mr. Payne's name was not publicly suggested as a candidate for Senator until after the state election, that it was not very prominently suggested until shortly before his election in January; that many persons who had been supposed to favor Pendleton voted for Payne; that there was a widespread belief that corrupt means were used to procure the result; that one member was offered a large sum of money for his vote; that there were hearsay statements charging corruption as to several others; that two members of the legislature received large sums of money about the time of the election, of which, being called to testify, they gave no satisfactory account; that the principal managers of Mr. Payne's canvas, viz., Paige, McLean, Huntington and Oliver H. Payne, did not testify before the committee; but there is no evidence tending to show the bribery of any member unless as above stated. There is no evidence to connect Mr. Payne, the sitting member, with these transactions, and none tending to show that the result was changed or affected by such means."

Majority Report of the Committee Is Sustained—17 to 44.

WASHINGTON, July 23.—The Senate took up the Payne case, and was addressed by Mr. Call in opposition to further investigation.

The first vote was on the resolution of Messrs. Hoar and Frye for a further investigation, and was rejected—yeas 17, nays 44—as follows:

Yeas—Blair, Conger, Dawes, Edmunds, Frye, Hale, Harrison, Hawley, Hoar, McMillan, Mahone, Manderson, Mitchell of Oregon, Palmer, Platt, Sherman, and Wilson of Iowa—17.

Nays—Beck, Berry, Blackburn, Brown, Butler, Call, Camden, Cameron, Chase, Cockrell, Coke, Colquitt, Cullom, Eustis, Evarts, Gibson, Gorman, Gray, Hampton, Harris, Hearst, Ingalls, Jones, of Arkansas; Jones, of Nevada; Kenna, Logan, Maxey, McPherson, Morrill, Pugh, Ransom, Riddleberger, Saulsbury, Sawyer, Sewell, Stanford, Telier, Vance, VanWyck, Vest, Voorhees, Walthall, Whitthorne and Wilson, of Maryland—44.

The resolutions of the majority that there should be no further investigation, were adopted—yeas 44, nays 17.

The former vote was reversed.

There was slight applause when the result was announced.

THE OLEOMARGARINE BILL

Amended and Passed by the Senate by a Vote of 37 to 24.

WASHINGTON, July 21.—In the discussion of the oleomargarine bill in the Senate, Ingalls moved to reduce the tax from five cents per pound to two cents. Agreed to—yeas 32, nays 28.

Ingalls moved to insert the word "knowingly" in connection with the sale of oleomargarine.

Miller moved to lay the amendment on the table. Rejected—yeas, 27; nays, 30. The amendment was then adopted.

Ingalls moved to amend the sixth section by striking out the minimum penalty, being the words "less than $100" and the words "less than six months."

Miller moved to lay the amendment on the table. Rejected—yeas 28, nays 32. The amendment was then adopted.

When the amendments were reported to the senate, the first question being on Ingalls's amendment to reduce the tax on oleomargarine from 5 to 2 cents, it was adopted—yeas 34, nays 29.

The remaining amendments were adopted without question, and the bill as amended was passed—yeas 37, nays 24, as follows:

Yeas—Messrs. Aldrich Allison, Blackburn, Blair, Camden, Cameron, Chase, Cockrell, Conger, Culloms, Dawes, Dolph, Edmunds, Evarts, Gorman, Hale, Harrison, Hawley, Hoar, Ingalls, Logan, McMillan, Mahone, Manderson, Miller, Mitchell (Ore.), Palmer, Payne, Platt, Plumb, Sawyer, Sewell, Sherman, Spooner, Stanford, Teller and Wilson (Ia.)—37.

Nays—Messrs. Beck, Berry, Brown, Butler, Call, Coke, Colquitt, Eustis, Gibson, Gray, Hampton, Harris, Hearst, Jones (Ark.), Maxey, Pugh, Ransom, Riddleberger, Vance, Vest, Voorhees, Walthall, Whitthorne and Wilson, (Md.)—24.

OFFENSIVE PARTISANS.

Interesting Statistics Regarding Appointments in the Postal Service.

WASHINGTON, June 27.—The annual report of Edwin O. Fowler, chief of the appointment division of the postoffice department, for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1886, has been made and the details for-warded for the consideration of the assistants which this division has charge of are those of postmasters only. The report is summarized as follows:

Number of postoffices established during year, 3,482; increase during year, 1,861; number of postoffices discontinued during year, 1,120; whole number of postoffices June 30, 1886, 52,814; increase during year, 2,362; number of presidential offices, 2,265; increase during year, 32; number of fourth class offices, 51,349; increase during year, 2,326. Appointments have been made during the year as follows:

On resignations and commissions expiring 9,112, increase during year 2,908; on removals and suspensions 9,566, increase during year 8,756; on deaths of postmasters 587, increase during year 175; on establishment of new postoffices 3,482, increase during year 1,861; total number of appointments made during the year 13,747, increase during the year 13,200. The total number of money order offices at the close of the year was 7,356, a net increase of 227 over the previous year. Of these Illinois holds the largest number, 940; Iowa next with 522; Ohio 468, Pennsylvania 462, Michigan 344, Missouri 243, and Wisconsin 174. The greatest increase in any state is 25, in Kansas.

Democrats in Need of Campaign Capital.

WASHINGTON, July 23.—The cold hard hand of poverty is closing on the Democratic Congressional campaign committee with a grip that seems to have a paralyzing effect in the coming fall campaign. There is a paucity of not only ready cash but campaign capital, which last it seems the committee have largely depended upon the administration with its eighteen months of opportunity to furnish. The prohibition against canvassing for campaign funds in the departments handicaps the committee, and were it able to elude this regulation in this regard it would find a strong indisposition to contribute on the part of the clerks, many of whom retain an inborn dislike of Democracy, and all of whom think they will be protected whether they contribute or not. But that which has given the committee its hardest setback is a failure to secure any response to appeals to the departments for campaign capital. It sent to the heads of the various divisions for a certain amount of reform literature, showing economy, retrenchment, and improvement in the government service, and were informed that there was nothing of this nature to be contributed. They then asked for a record of removals showing where there had been malfeasance and dishonesty on the part of the discharged officials. They were informed that changes had been made where the good of the service demanded it, but there were few or no cases where the discussion had been made for malfeasance. The committee is discouraged, and one of the members is quoted as saying that the chiefs of division under the present service are the meanest lot of men he has struck in a long time. The outlook seems to be that the childish tales and "ghost stories" of past campaigns will be the only ammunition the committee can secure for the fall campaign.

A Veto Expected on the Mexican Pension Bill.

WASHINGTON, July 24.—It is stated upon Democratic authority that Pres. Cleveland intends to veto the Mexican pension bill if opportunity is afforded him. The measure has been passed by both houses of Congress, and is now in conference for agreement upon amendments made by the Senate. Some time ago the President stated in most positive and vigorous language in one of his veto messages that "the government can not afford to pension a man who has not contracted his disability in line of duty." The Mexican is a service pension bill, as is also Harrison's bill, which passed the Senate recently, and which pensions all who served in the Union in the late war who are now disabled from any cause not the result of vicious habits. This bill will also receive Pres. Cleveland's veto, unless he is driven in line and is made to swallow his words. If either the Mexican or Harrison service pension bill is defeated in Congress it will be on the request of the President, who does not want to apply his veto as he has declared he will, or if he should sign either of these bills he will do so under protest and in violation of his manner and deliberate declaration that he would not grant a pension except for disabilities incurred in line of duty. There is no hope now for the veterans of either war unless they forget their great government, in which event they may receive appointment to positions made vacant by removal of Union soldiers.

Internal Revenue.

WASHINGTON, July 26.—Hon. Joseph S. Miller, commissioner of internal revenue, has made a preliminary report of the operations of the internal revenue service during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1886, of which the following is an abstract: The total collections for the year were $116,-962,815; the total collections for the previous fiscal year were $112,421,121, showing an increase of $4,481,724. The increase was made up as follows: $3,581,055 on spirits, $1,390,274 on tobacco, $1,-445,849 on fermented liquors. This amount was reduced by a decrease of $25,-000 on banks and bankers, and a decrease of $20,554 in miscellaneous receipts.

The states in which the greatest collections were made are, respectively, Illinois, $23,307,270; Ohio, $15,746,940; New York, $14,365,209; Ohio, $12,921,-349; Pennsylvania, $7,847,231, and Missouri, $7,660,649. The smallest collections were in Vermont, $82,502, and Mississippi, $47,062.

The Right of Petition.

WASHINGTON, July 24.—Sen. Vest, in presenting a batch of petitions from the Knights of Labor, remarked that the signatures all appeared to be in the same handwriting, and that he presumed from the explanation of Sen. Van Wyck a few days ago these were copies.

Sen. Hoar remarked that the rules of the Senate prevented the presentation of any petitions except originals. The chair sustained the point made by Sen. Hoar, but said he did not feel at liberty to reproach senators for such petitions, although in doing so they were violating a rule of the Senate.

Sen. Vest said he did not propose to violate any rule of the Senate; but he did not wish to be put in the attitude of opposing the right of petition. He now presented these petitions with the statement that, in his opinion, without any personal knowledge, they were copies. The petitions were presented.

Silver Certificates.

WASHINGTON, July 26.—The Senate adopted the clause in the sundry civil appropriation bill requiring the secretary of the treasury to issue silver certificates. The clause (as it now stands) reads as follows: "And the secretary of the treasury is hereby authorized and required to issue silver certificates in denominations of one, two and five dollars; and the silver certificates herein authorized shall be receivable, redeemable, and payable in like manner and for like purposes as is provided for silver certificates by the act of February 28, 1878, and an act to authorize the coinage of the standard silver dollar and to restore its legal tender character; provided that said denominations of $1, $2 and $5 may be issued in lieu of silver certificates of larger denominations in the treasury, and to that extent said certificates of larger denominations shall be canceled and destroyed."

Senators Surprised.

WASHINGTON, July 23.—Some Senators express great surprise that the text of the new proposed treaty between the United States and Great Britain should have leaked out, after the precautions which were taken to keep its existence an absolute secret. Various charges are in circulation as to how the details of the treaty were obtained, and some of them go so far as to connect certain Senators with the publication, while others reflect upon private secretaries. It would not be surprising if an official investigation should be ordered. Many Senators say they have not yet heard of the treaty officially in the Senate. There is a well defined rumor that the Judiciary committee will recommend certain important changes in the document. Should this be done, it will have to be returned for the approval of the British government.

National Prohibition.

WASHINGTON, July 27.—Sen. Blair, from the committee on Education and Labor, submitted a favorable report from a majority of the committee proposing that an amendment to the constitution in relation to alcoholic liquors and other poisonous beverages be submitted to the legislatures of the states for ratification. The amendment provides that from and after the year 1900 the manufacture and sale and importation of distilled alcoholic intoxicating liquors, except for medicinal, mechanical, chemical and scientific purposes, and for use in the arts, shall cease. The report which accompanied the proposed amendment says the committee does not deem it necessary to discuss the evils of the use of alcohol, but believe people have a right to decide what measures shall be taken for the regulation or extirpation of the traffic.

To Repeal the Tenure-of-Office Act.

WASHINGTON, July 22.—Sen. Hoar reported favorably a bill to repeal sections 1767, 1768, 1769, 1770, 1771 and 1772, of the Revised Statutes (the tenure-of-office act). The repeal is not, however, to effect any officer heretofore suspended under the provisions of said sections or any designation, nomination, or appointment, heretofore made by virtue of the provisions thereof.

The Surplus Resolution.

WASHINGTON, July 27.—The Senate committee on finance agreed to report the Morrison surplus resolution, with an amendment, leaving it discretionary with the secretary of the treasury to keep on hand, in addition to the amount authorized in the original resolution, a working balance of $20,000,000, or more in case of an emergency.

The Mexican Revolution.

WASHINGTON, July 23.—Senor Romeo, Mexican Minister, having inquired of Pres. Diaz of affairs on the border, says: "The movement does not have the importance attributed to it by reports sent from the frontier."

The Oldest Official Dead.

WASHINGTON, July 22.—Wm. Hunter, second assistant secretary of State, and the oldest official in continuous service in the United States, died here to-day of a complication of diseases incident to old age.

Connell's Attack on Lieut. Greely.

NEW YORK, July 27.—The *Tribune* says: The reopening of the Cape Sabine controversy by Private Connell, one of the more ignoble figures of the Lady Franklin Bay expedition, is evidently inspired by malice, jealousy and petty spite. On this subject the rescuers have an authoritative word to say. When they landed on that barren slope and found the seven perishing survivors, Connell, in a state of unconsciousness, was being tenderly cared for by his companions, and Lieut. Greely had just been reading prayers for him. This did not look like systematic persecution of Private Connell. Lieut. Greely's book furnishes the best evidence of the falsity of the malicious charges now trumped up against him of selfishness and indifference. He speaks kindly and charitably of every man's failings, and enthusiastically of every deed of self-sacrifice and heroism; and in the closing chapter pleads eloquently for legislative action in behalf of the survivors.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE CUTTING CASE.

What is Said About the Matter at Washington—Mexicans Jealous of American Enterprise — Bombastic Newspaper Talk.

EL PASO, Tex., July 27.—Consul Brigham has received no official advices or instructions about the pending international troubles, and will probably not for a day or two, as the correspondence between the two governments is carried on direct between Washington and the City of Mexico; therefore the exact status of the question is not known here.

Paso Del Norte continues full of Mexican troops. The higher portions of the city are plainly visible from the American side. A number of troops can be seen busy at something or other on an elevation back of the historic old cathedral, which the American visitors to Paso Del Norte always go to see. It is thought they are throwing up earthworks, for which purpose that spot would be particularly adapted. The commander of the Mexican post is Col. Unda, who achieved quite a reputation in the war against Maximilian, in which he was wounded. He is a man of letters and a poet. He is, however, by this time, probably outranked by a commander of higher grade in the army.

In a few instances Americans who venture over there are scouted at, and often they are summarily searched for weapons. If any are found, they are taken away from them. The feeling among the Mexican masses is very bitter against Americans. They are quite defiant, and say it will be an easy matter for their country to whip the United States. They have somehow brought themselves to believe that the firing of the first gun would be the signal for the Southern states to come to their assistance to revenge themselves upon the Northern states for the disastrous outcome of the great civil war. They likewise feel incensed that England would at once take their part, and blockade the Atlantic and Gulf ports of the United States.

Senor Escapor, the Mexican consul at El Paso, says unless one country or the other backs down war cannot be avoided, and he added: "Mexico will never comply with the demand that has been made. If it must come to that, you may be sure that Mexico will accept war first."

It is thought that he is apt to speak by authority, for he is known to have heretofore reflected the sentiments of his government.

The chief justice of the state of Chihuahua, Senor F. F. Romas, has arrived at Paso Del Norte, ostensibly for the purpose of looking into the Cutting matter.

The Mexican press is intensely patriotic and belligerent, and wants their government to listen to no negotiations whatever. The Mexican paper published at Paso Del Norte, the *Observador Fronteres*, says: "Do you Americans believe that because you belong to a populous nation you will cause our weaker nation to vacillate? Do you think that by noise and hurrahs you can scare the authorities? Never, believe it; never let it enter your mind. You can never impose upon the sons of a warlike and valiant nation."

WASHINGTON, July 27.—Sec. Endicott was asked yesterday if there was any intention of moving troops toward Mexico. He said there was nothing in it, so far as he knew. To a reporter of the *Critic* he is represented as saying in ironical tones:

"Don't you think it rather ridiculous to make a war on account of the sake of one man, when we have tamely submitted for the last two months to the indignities of Canada upon hundreds of our citizens?"

The general belief is that Editor Cutting's case will be peaceably settled through diplomatic interference without any resort to arms.

THE CASE IN A NUTSHELL.

No United States Consul at Chihuahua—Mexicans Jealous of Americans.

NEW YORK, July 27.—The *Sun's* Washington correspondent says:

The government is greatly embarrassed in dealing with the Cutting case, because there is no United States consul at Chihuahua. Formerly the place was of no particular importance, but since the Mexican Central railroad was opened and American capital began to be invested in mines, the business of the consulate has largely increased, and there is no one to attend to it.

The city of Chihuahua is the capital and commercial metropolis of the state of the same name. It is absolutely essential that the United States should be represented there by a competent man. There is no place on the border, not even excepting Matamoras, where citizens of the United States are so numerous or have such large interests. In the city of Chihuahua is an American colony of 75 or 100 persons, and in the surrounding country are several hundred more, representing several millions of capital; yet the United States consulate has been vacant for nearly three years, and nobody can be found who will accept the office. The reason is that no salary is attached to it, and the fees amount to only a few hundred dollars a year. No man can afford to accept the place, as the duties are so arduous that they will require his entire time if he attends to them properly, and are of a character that do not pay any fees.

The Mexican authorities have made the proper demand for Cutting's release upon the governor of Chihuahua, as reported by the United States minister, and it is said at the State department that there is no cause of complaint against Pres. Diaz and his ministry; but the local authorities decline to accede to the demands of the Federal government, and Sec. Bayard cannot do anything further. Pres. Diaz and Gov. Bernal, of Chihuahua, are now engaged in a controversy.

This thing has occurred repeatedly. The doctrine of state rights is advocated in Mexico, even more than here. The constant revolutions that are occurring grow out of conflicts between the state and national authorities. There have been repeated demands made upon the Mexican government for the release of prisoners held by the Chihuahua authorities, that have not been complied with, and there are now confined in the prison of that city several Americans whose cases have been the subject of volumes of correspondence. The Federal government appears powerless to enforce its decrees, as in this instance, and the state troops that have been massed at Paso Del Norte are intended to resist the Mexican federal authorities, as well as any attempt to rescue Cutting from the American side of the border. There is an intense prejudice in Chihuahua against the Americans. It grows out of the fact that the richest mines in the state are held by citizens of this country, under treaty stipulations. They pay no taxes, and the Mexicans are jealous of the profits that are made by working them.

LONDON SCANDALS.

Sir Charles Dilke Will Sell Out and Leave England.

LONDON, July 20.—The court room was crowded this afternoon when Mrs. Crawford testified. She confessed that she disliked her husband because he was too old; that she loved Foster because he was handsome and pleasing; that she hated Dilke, and that she committed adultery with Dilke for the purpose of obtaining a divorce from her hated husband. She spared Foster as far as possible, because she knew he was about to marry. Under a strict cross-examination she confessed that she had committed adultery only with Dilke and Foster, exculpating two other society men.

LONDON, July 23.—The case of Crawford against Crawford and Dilke was given to the jury this afternoon. They returned a verdict finding Mrs. Crawford guilty of adultery with Sir Charles Dilke, and granting Mr. Crawford a divorce.

The jury were absent twenty minutes only. The decision arrived at by the jury is that Mr. Crawford is entitled to divorce from his wife on the ground of adultery with Sir Charles Dilke, as decided *nisi* by Justice Sir Charles Butt, on February 12, last, in the latter case being simply a re-hearing at the intervention of the Queen's proctor for the purpose of ascertaining whether the decree *nisi* should not be set aside on the ground of collusion between Mr. and Mrs. Crawford, or on new evidence invalidating the wife's confession. The jury finding in favor of Mr. Crawford, the proceeding confirms the previous decree, and makes it absolute at the expiration of the six months attaching to it. This six months will expire on August 12, the decree *nisi* having been issued on February 12. The Queen's proctor has been condemned to pay the costs of the present proceeding.

LONDON, July 24.—Sir Charles Dilke, in a letter to his constituents, protests his innocence. He has ordered the sale of his house at Chelsea; he will leave England and reside in the south of France.

The *Daily News*, heretofore a strong Dilke or an, says: "We are compelled to sorrowfully admit that no more shocking outrage upon the obligations of friendship, precepts of morality, the primary instincts of decency or the sanctity of family ties, was ever dragged before a disgusted community."

The *Telegraph*, commenting on the verdict in the Dilke-Crawford case, says: "The whole case and the result is a public calamity. There was a time when Dilke seemed to stand a measurable distance from the post of premier. Many and most valuable are the services he has rendered to this generation, and we heartily wish that to enumerate them could palliate the acts of which he is accused. We hope it will be considered enough to accept this simple conclusion of the jury, without taking as proved all the deplorable incidents of the story."

The *Times* says: "It is best to pass in silence the passionless nastiness, worthy of Yahoos, which was the subject of the inquiry. This is a miserable close to a useful public career; but the public aspect of the case cannot be passed over. If the jury was right, there has been deliberate, systematic and renewed perjury, even, possibly, subordination of perjury, and a conspiracy on a scale rarely witnessed. It is incumbent on those responsible for the administration of the criminal law to consider carefully and honestly what their duty is in the circumstances. It would be unfortunate if any pretext should be given to the notion that there is one law for the poor and another for the rich."

Starving Esquimaux Attack the Government Storehouse—Women and Children Starving.

ST. JOHNS, N. F., July 26.—Further particulars of the distress among the fishermen of Labrador have been received. The 70 Esquimaux who demanded food from the stores at Mugford, which could not be given away, owing to the needs of the inhabitants and the small supply, made a rush for the harbor storehouse, where the flour and fish were stored. The men of the small village gathered to defend their only hope of existence, and a desperate fight ensued, in which four of the marauding Esquimaux were nearly killed and two of the storehouse defenders were seriously injured.

The Esquimaux, finding that they could not obtain food by force, retreated, and sent in several of their number to ask for a small quantity of food which they said was absolutely necessary to the continued existence of their wives and children. Two hundred pounds of flour and about 50 pounds of frozen cod were given to them. It was reported that in Asteria alone, out of 35 or 40 families, or a total of 200 persons, over 100 had died, mostly all women and children.

In main the catch of fish has not been sufficient to afford food to the inhabitants. The season which opened on May first was very backward, and had it not been for the seal industries, which was tolerably good, not a soul would be living. Along Hamilton Inlet and Sandwich Bay there is not so much suffering, although many have died.

In Webuck and Indian Harbors fish is the only food, besides the small quantity of corn meal. They have had no vegetables since March 1, and the people are almost without clothing. At Hopedale not over 25 families remain out of the entire former population. Many have gone east along the coast in the hope of getting into better supplied settlements, while 80 persons, of which 40 were squaws and 35 children, died from starvation in June alone. There were some deaths in April and May, but these were principally from exposure to the cold.

In Newfoundland, along the north coast, there is great destitution. From Cape Bauld to Bonne's Content, hundreds are in a dying condition. In White Bay alone, 42 persons died last month, and no one knows how many since. Not less than 1,500 persons must have perished, but the exact figures can never be known, owing to the isolated region in which the suffering exists.

Home Rule Struggle Not Abandoned.

LONDON, July 24.—The Most Rev. Thos. W. Croke, archbishop of Cashel, has sent to the treasurer of the National League parliamentary fund a remittance containing contributions from nearly all the priests of his diocese. In the letter bearing the remittance the archbishop says: "There is no ground for despondency. We have the greatest political strategist at our head. The courage of our race was never higher or more hopeful. The sympathy of the whole civilized world is with us. We have a compact party of 300 members in the House of Commons, and nearly a million and a half Englishmen voted for restoring our country's rights."

Trade Depression.

LONDON, July 24.—The commission on trade depression has made its third report. It found that the supply of gold had decreased and that the demand had increased. While the returns from external trade showed little diminution, the volume of money value, owing to the fall in prices, appeared to be greatly reduced. It is the opinion of the commission that the fluctuations in the relative value of gold and silver have caused serious losses, tending, in certain cases to divert the course of trade and aggravate the depression. The commission strongly advises that a searching inquiry be made into the currency question.

Canal Loan Withdrawn.

LONDON, July 24.—The Manchester canal loan has been withdrawn. Only £2,500,-000 of the £7,000,000 of stock issued was subscribed. This is the first loan the Rothschilds have failed to float. The promoters of the scheme say that the collapse will not involve its abandonment, as a syndicate is ready to advance the necessary capital, although at a heavy discount.

A Battle in Mexico.

GUYMAS, July 24.—Advices from Yequi river report a pitched battle between Mexican troops and Yaquis, yesterday. Col. Lorenzo Torres, with 300 men, conveying a train of provisions from Medaro to Torrin, met the Indians, 1,200 strong, near Medaro. The battle lasted three hours. The Indians were repulsed with 40 killed and 20 prisoners, who were at once shot. The Mexican losses were Capt. Arros and nine men killed and twenty wounded.

Revolutionists Defeated.

LAREDO, July 24.—Reliable news was received here last night stating that the leaders of the revolutionary movement in Tamulipas had been badly defeated near the Sabinas mountains. The loss is not given. The Mexican commander of the federal troops in Nuevo Laredo says the government has concentrated five thousand troops on the Rio Grande frontier and this is more than sufficient to quell any revolution.

Indians and Jesuits in Peru.

PANAMA, July 17.—Advices from Peru state that the new minister of the Interior, Doctor Pedro del Solar, has addressed a circular to the several prefects of the departments in the Republic calling their attention to certain points in the policy of the government. Speaking of the Indian population of the Republic, the circular says:

"The President is sincerely desirous of entering on the great work of placing our Indian population on a footing commensurate with their merits and necessities. The law must be observed regarding the Indians with the same impartiality as with the white citizens; they must be assured in their rights and privileges; the fruits of their labor must be secured to them, and, in a word, they must be raised from their present condition to that of useful citizens."

Several public demonstrations have been made in Callao against the Jesuits, and petitions have been sent to the government praying that they be immediately expelled from the country.

French-Canadians Excited.

MONTREAL, July 27.—Considerable excitement has been caused among French-Canadians by the speech of Secretary of State Chapleau to the English electors of the county of Chambly. Mr. Chapleau said: "I cannot be accused of taking the stand I have taken for the sake of remuneration, power, or glory. I have been offered by Mercier, speaking for Laurier and the name of the whole of their friends, if I would put myself at the head of the National party and lead a crusade against that so-called anti-patriotic government at Ottawa, honors, power, glory, portfolios and premierships. Yea, my friends, I have been offered more than that. I have been offered, in solid gold, money enough to represent more salary than I should receive for five years as a minister of the crown if I took the leadership of that party. But, gentlemen, I refused it. I would rather be the humblest soldier in her Majesty's army than grand dictator of a rebellion against our sovereign."

Locked in a Patent Refrigerator.

SOUTH NORWALK, Con., July 26.—Saturday Wilbur Ayers, a provision dealer, went into his large patent meat refrigerator while his clerks were at dinner, and in some way the door slammed behind him and he was locked in with the temperature at zero. Mr. Ayers weighs two hundred pounds, but he soon began to feel sleepy, and realized that he was freezing to death. He threw his body heavily against the door many times, succeeded in widening a crack in the inside plank, tore out the layer of charcoal between, and, after repeated trials, broke the outside plank, crawled out, and fell in a heap on the floor, where he was found by one of his customers. His muscles on the right side were severed and his ribs and arms paralyzed, while his body was one mass of bruises.

A special gives the particulars of a mountain fight at Hazzard, Ky., between the French and Eversole factions. The Eversole party were outnumbered and taken by surprise, and retreated after a revolver fight of several minutes, resulting in the killing of one of the French party, and the wounding of three others. In a subsequent engagement French and Eversole are said to have both been killed.

HUBERT O. THOMPSON.

The Leader of the County Democracy Dies Suddenly, and Alone.

NEW YORK, July 26.—Hubert O. Thompson, was found dead in his bed at the Worth House, Madison Square, at 9:35 a. m. His room was visited then by his physician, Dr. Roberts, who had slept in the parlor adjoining Mr. Thompson's bed room, which was room 3. He had last seen Thompson alive at about 4 a. m., the latter being in bed at the time. There was then no apprehension of a fatal result of his illness.

Mr. Thompson was found lying on his right side, with his knees drawn up; the the pupils of his eyes were dilated and bloodshot, and his face and neck were livid. The immediate cause of his death was cerebral apoplexy. His death probably occurred at about 6 o'clock.

Hubert Ogden Thompson was 37 years and 7 months old. He was born in Boston, but was brought to this city by his parents when a child, and has ever since lived here. His education was acquired in the public schools, and he was graduated with honors at the Free Academy, now the college of the city of New York. After 10 years passed in Wall street in brokerage and railroad business, he was appointed a clerk in the water purveyor's office by Allan Campbell, then commissioner of public works, and soon afterward was appointed deputy commissioner. He filled the latter position with credit for three years, resigning to accept from Gov. Robinson the appointment of county clerk, in place of Henry A. Gumbleton, removed. He began as commissioner of public works in 1880, and lasted until the appointment of the present commissioner, Mr. Squier.

Mr. Thompson first became active in politics in 1871, when he joined the Young Men's Democratic club, and became an opponent of the old party leaders. In 1877 he was a member of Tammany Hall, but withdrew from it because of his hostility to John Kelly. His career since then as the leader of the county Democracy is well known to the public. Personally, he was a man of winning manner, known to be a genial companion.

DIED CURSING GOD.

The Fate of a Pennsylvania Farmer—Standing Dead in a Field.

PITTSBURG, July 23.—A brakeman on the Pan-Handle railroad told the following story last evening, being unable to give names, but saying the occurrence was the only topic of conversation among people who were cognizant of the facts: "Yesterday a farmer living some miles beyond Steubenville cut a field of corn. The corn was very fine in quality and promised a large yield, but a sudden wind and rain storm prostrated it, and it was only good for fodder. This threw the farmer into a fearful passion, and he poured out a torrent of the most terrible profanity. 'You ought not to talk that way,' remarked one of the workmen; 'it's enough to make one's blood curdle. 'Let it curdle,' retorted the farmer. 'If Jesus Christ was here in the cornfield I'd cut him up the same way I cut this corn.' The man stood up erect as he spoke, and repeated monotonously. His companion, who was a quiet, church-going countryman, was greatly shocked at the speech, and continued his work without paying particular attention to his employer's movements. At the end of a few moments he turned to see why the farmer had stopped work, and he saw that he was still standing erect, and looked rigid and white. Receiving no answer to a question as to what was the matter, the workman approached the farmer, and found to his horror that he was dead, his eyes glaring fixedly upward. At first the workman refused to touch the body, as they regarded the sudden death as a judgment inflicted by an offended deity, but some of the neighbors finally removed it to the house and a physician was sent for, who said that death had resulted from heart disease.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT, OR ANOTHER CASE.

CINCINNATI, July 22.—A strange story comes from near Bradford Junction concerning Simon Wilcox, a farmer who blasphemed his Creator for the destruction of crops by a hail storm. Wilcox had been an enthusiastic church member, but lost his faith when he surveyed the ruin in his field last Tuesday. In the midst of excited cursing he was paralyzed and could not leave the spot. His neighbors found him, but could not release him. Their reports are probably exaggerated. They say that he was surrounded by an intense heat, and that no one could approach him because of it. A pole was brought to push him out of the heated circle, but the pole was burned off. Toward night he fell unconscious, the heat disappeared, and he was picked up a raving maniac.

MISSISSIPPI "REGULATORS."

Some Young White Men Who Need Looking After.

JACKSON, Miss., July 22.—A deplorable state of affairs exists near Union, Newton county, about 70 miles east of here. A band of young white men, styling themselves the "Regulators," have issued a decree that no negro shall work on the farms in that vicinity. The band contains about fifteen members, and they have killed three negroes and wounded several others. A perfect state of terror prevails, and the entire county is greatly excited over the matter.

Everyone condemns the atrocious and bloody actions, and is determined that every member of the band shall be made to answer for his crime. J. M. Kelly was here yesterday to see the governor, and was told to arrest every one of the young outlaws at all hazards. About twenty citizens, headed by officers, armed with proper warrants, are now after the young desperadoes, and their speedy capture is looked for.

It seems, when the attempt was first started to regulate the negroes, that it was more in fun than anything else, but the "Regulators" have undertaken in earnest to execute their designs. Their actions can hardly be accounted for, and are a surprise to everyone.

A Good Enoch Arden Story.

LOWELL, Mass., July 21.—Felix H. Sadlier shouldered a musket in 1861, and went South, and in a few months his name appeared among the killed. His wife removed to New England. Sadlier had not been killed, and he returned and searched for her as long as his money held out. After the war he went to New York and amassed quite a sum of money. Then he went to Shadeville, a small town near Columbus, Ohio, where he lived the life of a hermit for years. As his fortune grew the longing for his wife and children grew also. A private detective was employed, and about thirteen years ago he discovered that the wife had been married at Watertown, Mass., to a Mr Deming. The first husband was nearly deranged at this information, but for twelve years he suffered, not willing to shock his wife and child by appearing before them. Two weeks ago the detective telegraphed that the second husband had died in Philadelphia, and Mr. Sadlier hurried East at once, arriving here this morning. He drove to his wife's house and made himself known to her. An hour or two later the pair, accompanied by two children, started for the West.

The Kansas Boy Murderer.

ERIE, Kan., July 21.—A jury was at last obtained in the celebrated Sells murder case to-day after two days and a half had been spent on the work. The state's attorney in his address to the jury claimed he could prove that the boy had sufficient motive and was about the only person who could have committed the crime. The evidence elicited this afternoon was to the effect that Willie Sells called at the house of Mendall and said that some man had hurt his parents and sister with a hatchet; that he had chased him down the road and came there for assistance. Next morning Willie's clothes were found to be covered with blood.

A Druggist's Fatal Mistake.

CLEVELAND, July 26.—Mrs. Andro Bartoll sent her son to Bartlett's drug store for ten cents worth of cream of tartar and the same amount of sugar of milk. Three children were ill, and the drugs were for them, the mother tasting of the medicine. Instead of sugar of milk the druggist gave the lad arsenic, and to-night the mother is dead and the three children are not expected to recover. The druggist is crazy with grief.

Will Return to the Ten-Hour System.

CHICAGO, July 23.—A morning paper says that several packing firms at the stock-yards have decided to form an alliance to protect their interests. The first move to be made, it is said, is to return to the ten-hour system August 1, the packers claiming that they cannot afford to run longer on the eight-hour plan. It is said if the men refuse to return to the old system the various houses will shut down and remain closed until the employes submit.

Jumped from the Brooklyn Bridge.

NEW YORK, July 23.—At 2 p. m. Stephen Brodie, a boot black, 23 years old, who is employed in the Mills building, jumped from the Brooklyn bridge at the center span into the East River. He was fished out and taken to a police station, apparently uninjured.

Arthur Braungaldt, 14 years old, committed suicide in Chicago by shooting himself with a pistol. Supposed to be temporarily insane.

A HORRIBLE STORY.

A Child Murdered, Cooked and Served for Dinner—The Inhuman Cook Burned at the Stake.

SAVANNAH, Ga., July 27.—A horrid story from the lower end of Tatanall county has just reached this city. A negro woman, engaged to prepare a dinner for a colored picnic, murdered a young child, which had been left in her charge, cooked half of the remains, and served it to the people. The other half of the remains were found salted down in a barrel. The negroes became perfectly frenzied on making the discovery, and seized the woman and burned her at the stake. The report seems to be authentic.

A Companion Story.

LAWRENCE, Mass., July 27.—At 11 o'clock last night the police were informed that William B. O'Connor had confessed to murdering his mistress, Mrs. Hannah Conway. He was found in bed and arrested. Following his directions officers proceeded to the woodshed, where they dug up her body. The legs were cut off above the knees.

O'Connor appeared not to realize the enormity of his crime. He said that on Sunday he stripped the woman, pushed her into the shed, and murdered her with an ax. O'Connor is 56 years old, was a soldier, is a member of the Grand Army of the Republic, and has drawn state aid. He was formerly employed in the Rustell paper mills, but lately out of work. The woman's age was 40 years. They had lived together several months.

MARRYING AN ACTRESS.

The Story that Sophie Eyre Tells About Her Husband.

NEW YORK, July 21.—Miss Sophie Eyre, the actress, was on her way to San Francisco a month ago when the New York newspapers announced that her new husband, Chauncey R. Winslow, a rubber merchant of the Pacific slope, thought she was altogether too frisky, and had begun a suit for divorce from her. Mr. Winslow met Miss Eyre on the steamer coming over from Liverpool, where Arthur Wallack had hired her to play the leading roles in Lester Wallack's company. Miss Eyre, however, was sent on the road, and Mr. Winslow followed her to San Francisco. When she left there to come East, Mr. Winslow came along with her as her engaged husband. They were married in Boston on January 10, 1885.

Miss Eyre returned from her last trip to San Francisco a few days ago. She was seen at her home in Thirty-sixth street last night by a *Sun* reporter, to wh